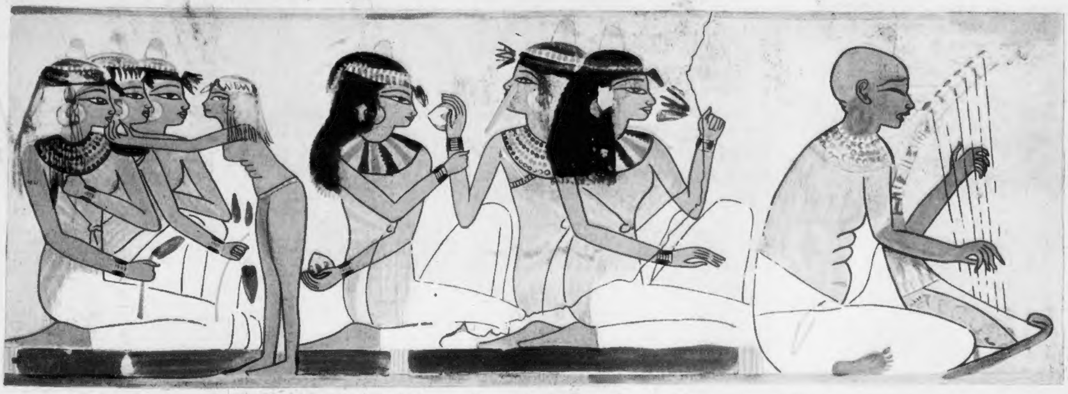
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Sunday, May 10, 1931

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser. Copyright, 1931, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.



The Blind Harper and the Dancers at a Banquet for the Dead. From the Tomb of Nakht at Thebes.

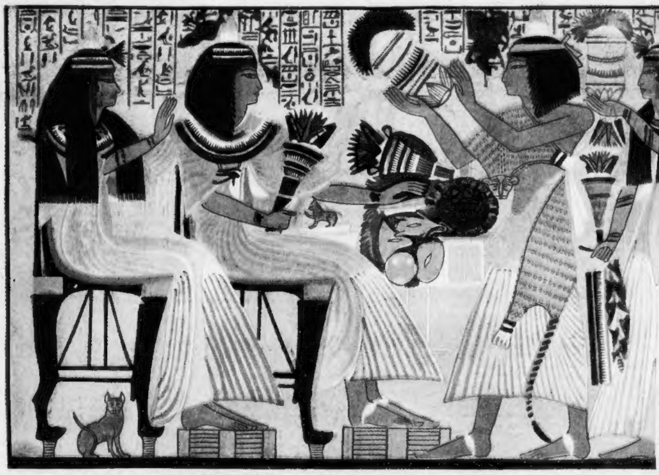
Private Life of the Ancient Egyptians

Curious and Interesting Customs Revealed by Remarkable Tomb Paintings

1—How They Feasted Their Dead.

CIVILIZATION, so the majority of scientists agree, began in Egypt about 6,000 years ago, spreading slowly from there over the earth. It is of considerable interest and importance, therefore, to know how these ancient inventors of civilization went about it; and what they thought of life, how they lived, how they amused themselves, what place women occupied in their scheme of things, what they believed happened to us after death and their theories of religion.

Almost all that is known of these beliefs and habits and customs has been learned from funerary remains and largely from the elaborately detailed wall paintings with which they decorated their tombs.



The Son and Daughter of Nakht and His Wife Tawi, Presenting Food to Their Dead Parents, Who Are Represented in the Tomb Painting as Alive. Before They Were Placed in the Tomb, Many Banquets Were Given at Which Their Mummies Were Present as the Honored Guests. Afterwards, the Paintings Were Supposed to "Come to Life" at Certain Times and Duplicate the Pleasant Entertainments. The Favorite Dog of Tawi Is Shown Under Her Chair.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has issued four remarkable volumes describing the paintings in a group of the most important of these tombs. Every detail of the frescoes has been reproduced either in color by eminent artists especially trained in such work or by photography. From them much new light has been thrown upon the ancient civilization, and from them the private life of the old Egyptians can be reconstructed almost hour by hour.

The printing of the four volumes cost many thousands of dollars and was made possible by a generous fund given for that purpose by Mrs. Charlotte M. Tytus in memory of her son, Robb de Peyster Tytus, who himself had conducted archeological work in Thebes, Egypt. Mr. Tytus was an American, born in Asheville, North Carolina.

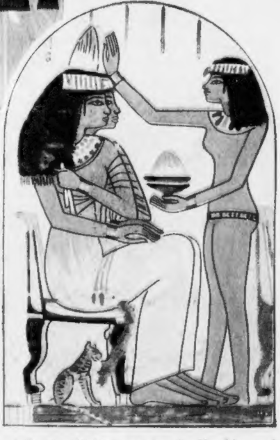
Comparing this early civilization with that of today is much like looking at a series of models which show the progress of the automobile from the primitive "horseless carriage" to the up-to-date racer; or the radio of the moment to the first crude crystal set. And just as the comparison of these models helps us to understand the finished product, so does knowledge of the beliefs, habits and customs of the old Egyptians help us to appraise the practical value of many of our own.

A surprising number of these beliefs and customs have come down to modern civilization practically unchanged through the centuries. The custom, for example, of laying flowers upon the coffin and the grave runs back to that of the Egyptians of wreathing the mummies of their dead with blossoms. The Egyptians believed that their dead could actually smell and enjoy them. Not many mourners believe that today, but the custom persists.

Embalming began in Egypt, but then its reason was entirely practical; they believed that at some future time the soul would return and the body become animated. Obviously, it must be in as good condition as possible when that took place. Embalming today is a somewhat useless extravagance, since most of those who believe in a resurrection conceive it as spiritual and not physical.

Serving Maids Anointing Guests With Fragrant Oils.

When, during the Great War, soldiers spoke of death as "going West," they were literally echoing a phrase in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," which, in a way of speaking, was their burial service. The souls of the dead were supposed to go west because the sun sank in the west. After the sun had disappeared below the horizon it entered the Underworld. During the night it passed through this place and emerged from its eastern door to shine again on the upper world. In the Underworld dwelt the dead. Obviously they would enter it by the same door the sun did, not the one from which the sun came out. Therefore the dead "went West."



A Serving Maid Arranging the Headdress of One of the Women Guests, Under Whose Chair Sits a Pet Cat.

Reproduced from the Robb de Peyster Tytus Memorial Series. By Permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

One of the most important episodes in the private lives of these ancient Egyptians was the feasts for their dead. Study of the tomb paintings and their inscriptions has now made what went on at these strange banquets as familiar to archeologists as a dinner to a politician is to a modern reporter. A venerable legend which has served orators, moralists, novelists, poets and playwrights for centuries has thereby been exploded. This is the story that the Egyptians at their feasts dragged a mummy around to remind them that "in the midst of life we are in death." This ancient tale is preserved today in the familiar phrase, "Like the mummy at the feast"—signifying someone who sits glumly, casting a shadow on the enjoyment of others.

The mummy was at the feast, but for another reason. The mummy was the honored guest. It had been either the wife or husband of whoever was giving the feast, or his mother or father. The mummy was not considered as a dead person, but as a thoroughly live one, capable

(Continued on Page 2)

Charcoal, Gas Flame or Electricity Best for Making Toast?

WHILE people in this country were getting a great deal of fun out of the controversy as to whether corn pone should be dunked or crumbled in potlikker, Britishers were engaging in a similar, but much more serious, discussion about the making of toast.

The discussion, which was participated in by several thousand citizens, started with a chance remark by Sir Frank Heath during a meeting of the Electrical Research Association. Toast, said Sir Frank, is a very important item in the average Englishman's diet, and it should be made in a manner that gives it the maximum of taste and digestibility.

—To the Right—
Gas Flame Toasters Are Considered Superior to Electric Toasters by Many Experts, Who Point Out That the Drier the Toasted Bread Is, the More Easily It Is Digested.
—Below—
Coal and Charcoal Are Still in Wide Usage for Making Toast in England, as Shown in the Drawing. That Country Is Now in the Throes of a Controversy Over the Best Means of Making Toast.

To the surprise and chagrin of many of the makers of electrical equipment present at the meeting, Sir Frank made the statement that the most digestible toast is not made in modern electric toasters, but over a gas flame, or even over an old-fashioned charcoal stove.

Naturally, the manufacturers of electrical cooking devices rose up at this opinion, and a few days later all England was taking a hand in the controversy. Cooks, dieticians, manufacturers, bankers and housewives unburdened themselves of various theories on the art of toast making. Hundreds of Britishers wrote letters to the London Times and to other newspapers. Some agreed with Sir Frank and others took exception to his viewpoint. Still others held that toast is toast and that whether it's made with electricity, gas, charcoal, coal or wood it's nothing but toast, and that its taste and digestibility depend entirely on the skill of the cook.

"The great toast controversy," as one London newspaper labeled the warm discussion, was conducted not at all in the spirit of the to-dunk-or-not-to-dunk discussion in this country. Englishmen and Englishwomen eat tons of toast every year, at their breakfast tables and with their traditional afternoon tea. It was important to them to know the facts about toast.

Just what these facts are is a question on which Englishmen are not yet agreed. But one scientist, who is also a well-known authority on diet, says the facts are these:

Bread contains a high content of starch which is not directly useful as food. Starch is, chemically, a complex compound of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. It must be converted into other forms before the human system can convert it into energy, blood or tissue.

When starchy foods are eaten, certain elements in the saliva convert the starch into two other substances—dextrine and maltose. Dextrine is not directly useful for food any more than starch is. It is similar to starch but chemically simpler. It represents a stage in the digestion of starch.

In the upper part of the small intestine, dextrine is converted into glucose, or other sugar. Glucose is the chief form in which sugar is absorbed as food.

The maltose produced by the saliva at the same time the dextrine is produced is a sugar of the same chemical content as cane sugar. Maltose is not directly useful as food, either, but it is easily decomposed, chiefly in the small intestine, into glucose.

The process of making starch beneficial to health is, then, in its chemical change into glucose.

Toast, says the scientist who was engaged to reveal the facts about that popular article of diet, is bread in which heat has partly converted the indigestible starch into dextrine, maltose and glucose. In other words, toast is already partly digested.

Bread which is lightly toasted, the scientist explains, is browned only on the surface and contains a certain amount of unconverted, indigestible starch. The saliva has to do a great deal of work to convert the starch into chemical substances that the body can make use of.

Electric Toasters, Some English Critics Say, Heat So Rapidly, That Frequently Only the Outer Surface of the Bread Is Browned.

Thorough toasting, it is said, changes a larger proportion of the starch into the substances that it must be changed to anyway in the course of digestion. And the drying of the bread makes the saliva penetrate it more readily so that the digestion of the starch is speeded up. Also the conversion, in part, of the starch into glucose, makes the toast taste sweeter.

Makers of electric toasters say that bread can be just as thoroughly toasted by electricity as it can over a gas flame or on a charcoal stove. Representatives of gas companies and makers of gas stoves are, of course, making capital of the fact that Sir Frank Heath believes that toast made over a gas flame is drier and, therefore, more pleasant to the palate and more easily digestible than toast made by electricity. The charcoal producers are as gratified as the gas men at the phases of the controversy that tend to advertise the toast-making merits of their product.

Where the discussion will lead to remains to be seen, but already it has elevated the supposedly simple business of making toast to the status of an art to be practiced with considerable thought and skill.

G.P.A. Photo

Much as the Bathing Girls Romp on the Sun-Drenched Beaches of California, Do the Members of German Physical Culture Cults Gambol in the Snow. This Quartet of Outdoor Girls, Having Played Ball in the Snow All Winter, While Wearing Only Bathing Suits, Are Among a Large Group of Athletic Women Who Have Moved on to the Swiss Alps for the Summer, to Continue Their Health-Giving Routine in the Cold. Throughout Germany, Within the Past Few Years, Physical Culture Organizations for Women Have Sprung Up and Are Flourishing. Among These Are Many Sun-Bathing Colonies the Members of Which Discard Most of Their Clothing During the Warm Weather and Carry on Their Lives Under the Rays With Which, They Believe Healthy and Strong Bodies May Be Built. Among the Winter Sport Organizations Not a Single Case of Frost-Bite Was Reported Last Season, Although the Girl Athletes Seldom Wore Shoes.

Private Lives of — the Ancient Egyptians —

(Continued from First Page)

of enjoying everything the entertainment offered.

There seems to have been little or no actual dividing line between life and death in the minds of these ancient Egyptians. A person was a bundle of spiritual entities, which at death separated and went their several ways. The soul went West, to the Underworld, to be judged by the god Osiris. They were intensely optimistic about this judge, and rarely did anyone live who was thought so wicked that Osiris would toss him to the monster they called "The Eater of Souls."

Quite as important as the soul, which they named the "Ba," was the "Ka," or spiritual double, which was given every child at birth. The "Ka" was a sort of guardian angel during life, and after death it hung around the mummy, entering it at will, animating it, and chatting with the "Ba," which came back now and then to discover how the mummy was getting along.

Nor, as it has been commonly supposed, were the Egyptians placed in their tombs immediately after the process of mummification. Many preferred to keep the mummies in their homes, and especially was it the custom for a husband or wife to keep the body of the one who died first, so that they might go to the last resting place together. Sometimes years passed between the embalming and the final interment.

The feasts for and with the dead were held several times a year, and especially at "the beginning of the seasons." Sometimes, in the case of the very wealthy, they were held monthly and even semi-monthly. It was considered a grave breach of duty not to hold them at least on the New Year and at the rising of the star Sirius, the "Dog Star," when the annual inundation of the Nile began.

Guests were invited and everything arranged to make the party gay and carefree. The happier everyone was, the better the dead would enjoy it. The musicians attached to the household rehearsed their merriest airs; the dancers their sprightliest steps. Other musicians and dancers were hired. The choicest foods were prepared. Haunches of gazelle, roasts of ostrich, wild sheep and wild boar—perhaps as an especial tid-bit, cuts of hyena or porcupine. Pigeons, quail, ducks and geese were cooked. There were lentils, peas, beans, radishes, onions and lettuce. And dates and figs, melons and pomegranates.

When all were seated—the men on one side and the women on the other—the mummy and the movable wooden closet in which it was kept were placed on a small sledge by a minor priest and drawn into the banquet room. It was greeted with polite murmurs of welcome and respect. It was then placed, probably upright, beside a little shrine—and the feast began.

First the mummy and the guests were decked with fresh flowers—wreaths and garlands. Barley beer and wines were trundled in and served by attractive waiting-maids who wore almost nothing. Then, while the musicians played and the dancers danced, the many courses came on. The mummy was served from all of them.

How They Feasted the Dead

There were embellishments to these feasts not practiced today. The serving maids occasionally stopped serving to anoint the heads of the guests with fragrant oils. The ladies were provided with cosmetics which they applied during courses. And now and then the mummy was anointed, also. In fact, the mummy was never neglected; it was shown every attention; not for a moment was it to be allowed to think it was "out of life."

The whole intention of the feasts for the dead was, in fact, the reverse of the "in the midst of life we are in death" idea—it was emphasized that "in the midst of death we are in life."

In the tomb of a certain Nakht, the paintings in which are reproduced in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's volumes, there is a detailed representation of one of these feasts. Nakht was a scribe who lived about 1425 B. C., a wealthy man, probably a noble, and certainly a favorite of the Pharaoh. He built the tomb for himself and his wife in the necropolis, or great cemetery, at Thebes. The artists began to paint the walls years before he died, and undoubtedly he kept a close eye upon them and saw to it that they included in their pictures everything that gave him and his wife pleasure while they were alive.

He did this because he knew that while his mummy, if he died first, or his wife's, if she died first, would be present at the banquets, there would come a time when they would enter the tomb and the door be sealed on them. When that time came he wanted to be sure they would not be disappointed when their "Kas" felt the need of entertainment, and by their magical power made the pictures turn into realities. They loved their son and daughter, and so that they would have the pleasure of their company on such occasions, son and daughter were painted as serving them. That son and daughter might still be alive made no difference. The magic of the "Ka" was great and could make these pictures real.

"Then," writes Mr. Norman de Garis Davies, the archeological expert and artist, who with his assistants recorded the mural decorations of the tomb, "then all would be as of old. The jest would pass; the hired troupe make music and merriment; the women be bright with ornament and well-dressed hair; the pet ape or cat or dog, good humored after good fare, nestle close by the chair. The 'Ka' was intensely human, and such might be its life even in the tomb. With this pleasant fancy the Egyptians put away somber fears, painful facts and philosophical reflections."

In brief, they had the comfortable belief that death made little or no difference, and that things went on just about the same whether one was alive or dead.

Accompanying this article is a reproduction of the scene from Nakht's tomb, where the children are serving the dead pair. Even Tawi's favorite dog is shown under her chair. Tawi's "Ka" could reach down and feed it, and after the feast was over the food would be miraculously renewed for the next one. Tawi's dog, like herself and Nakht, need never go hungry. The pictures are faithful copies by Nina de Garis Davies of the original wall paintings in the tomb.

Some of Nakht's dancers and his blind harper are shown. There are many such blind harpers portrayed in the painted feasts of the dead. At first it was thought that they had been purposely blinded, with, perhaps, the idea that being sightless to the things of this world, they could better see the things of the world beyond. But it is now known that blindness was the commonest of afflictions among the Egyptians of ancient times, and it is believed that many of the blind took up the profession of music as all that they could do.

One of the smaller pictures shows one of the women guests, with a servant arranging her headdress. Beside them were usually four vases—one a water jar protected from the heat and flies by lotus flowers laid across the mouth; another containing ointment for the hair; another salve for their delicate skins. There was a pottery dish containing fresh fillets for their hair. These were made of flowers or intertwined petals, and sometimes of glazed trinkets.

Certainly these feasts for the dead were a most important part of the private lives of the ancient Egyptians. They carried them on scrupulously, because they had no desire to encourage any laxity in the matter on the part of their own children. One must eat and be amused—even if dead, they believed.

But in earlier centuries the barbarous practice prevailed of imprisoning the living maids, dancers and musicians with the dead—real people shut up to die miserably. With the advance of Egyptian civilization, the living sacrifices were abandoned and wall paintings in the tombs were substituted.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Prettiest Chinese Girl in Hawaii

MISS MARGARET KAM, a full-blooded Chinese girl, attending the Honolulu Normal School, did not have to compete with other young women of her race to win the title: "The Prettiest Chinese Girl in Hawaii." It was accorded her "on sight," so to speak, and no one has presumed to question her right to the crown.

The almond-eyed beauty first attracted public attention by her recent splendid performance as Juliet in an amateur production of "Romeo and Juliet," given on the Normal School grounds. Dramatic critics, who attended the play, lauded her dramatic ability and her flawless English diction. She should, they said, be on the professional stage, and they predicted that she could be a hit on Broadway right now if she chose to take her good looks and her talent to New York.

One of the critics who saw the Oriental heroine play the celebrated role that never before had been portrayed by a Chinese, wrote enthusiastically about the dramatic triumph of "Hawaii's prettiest Chinese resident"—and the beauty crown thus casually and incidentally awarded her seems to perch becomingly on her glistening black head.

Miss Kam is as popular with Hawaiians and with white residents of the islands as she is with Orientals, who do not resent her "westernization" because she speaks Chinese and has starred in many Chinese plays presented in the ancient dramatic tradition of her native land.

WIDE WORLD Photo.

Miss Margaret Kam, the Chinese Beauty and Pupil at the Honolulu Normal School, Who Has Been Accorded the Title of the Prettiest Chinese Girl in Hawaii.

Her Happiness Destroyed by Having Every Wish Fulfilled

With Charm, Surpassing Beauty and Everything Wealth Could Supply, Mrs. Townsend, Former "Follies" Girl, Having Nothing More to Look Forward To, Ended Her Life; Satiated, Overcome With Ennui

Photo Keystone.

Recent Photograph of Mr. David E. Townsend, His Wife (the Former "Follies" Girl, Peggy Davis) and Little Mary Margaret, Their Only Child.

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

Peggy Davis as a "Follies" Girl Beauty. From Portrait Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

NICE, France, April 30.

A MONTH has now gone by since the Saturday night when Mrs. David Townsend, wife of a wealthy Wall Street stock plunger and known as Peggy Davis, a New York "Follies" beauty, drove her automobile over a cliff on the famous Corniche road after singing and dancing until the early morning hours at a carnival festivity. It seems now to be quite clear that the young woman deliberately committed suicide, although her husband refuses to admit it, and the police authorities have amiably put on the record, "death from accident or suicide."

Why should a petted beauty of twenty-five, basking in fortune's smile, apparently happy in her home and conspicuous in the gay circles of Riviera frivolity, favored with everything her heart could desire—why should she write a farewell note to her husband, saying "I'm tired of life," gulp down two double-brandies and leave husband, baby and gayeties behind her, a suicide?

And the answer now being agreed upon here, after mature consideration of all the facts, is that her happiness had been destroyed by having every wish fulfilled. Everything she had ever yearned for had been supplied her; there was nothing left to look forward to.

This charming image of frivolity attracted men to her like moths to a candle flame. Pretty, piquant, ready for anything, she was continually surrounded by admirers, who favored her with that look in which a girl reads the triumph of her charm.

Many now think that when "Peggy" wrote, "I'm tired of life," she told the truth. She was an "enfant gate," a spoiled child to whom life had been too pleasant. It was difficult for her to wish for anything that could not be obtained, and there is nothing so monotonous as the recurrence of delights and luxuries. Fate crushed her by fulfilling all her wishes.

Peggy's life was no Via Dolorosa. She did not have to struggle to gain a living, her cheeks were never pinched by poverty. The girl no sooner framed a desire than it was realized. She lived only to know the vicissitudes of pleasure. She was showered with jewels, given fairylike villas, and she changed her country as often as her fancy dictated.

At twenty-five she had tasted all the joys of life, and it is not surprising that pleasures ceased to please. Her days had been worn out in perpetual gratification; her pretty face betrayed the disenchantment of one who has wearily smiled with satiety on too many things. She was weary of looking in the morning on things from which she turned away weary at night. Not even the care of her daughter could conquer her ennui.

The Riviera, with its rose-gardens, revelry and roulette-tables, no longer charmed her. Poor Peggy was "tired of life"—tired of doing nothing, collapsing under the fatigues of a continuous round of pleasure. Perhaps her gaiety was counterfeit, perhaps her merriment concealed sadness.

Melancholy thoughts distilled their slow poison into her heart. She had an intense desire for nothingness, a longing to flee the daylight, to flee from herself, to be finished with existence. During the carnival, when life was at its gayest, she danced into the arms of death. Bidding adieu to her husband and baby, she forsook everything—her beautiful robes, and jewels and villa; she voluntarily gave up adoration, bouquets and balls, the pleasure of being considered more beautiful and better dressed than her rivals; she quit the bright fountains, birds and flowers of the Cote d'Azur for the dark world of death, plunging over the cliffs of the Corniche—disappointed in the emptiness of frivolous existence in this enchanted spot.

To die in order to avoid poverty, pain, or anything disagreeable—that was easy for the inhabitants of the Cote d'Azur, where the Townsends had their charming villa, to understand. What they cannot yet comprehend is why this pampered woman of surpassing beauty with every indulgence that wealth can supply should throw it all away, a martyr to boredom.

The past five years Mrs. Townsend, the former "Peggy Davis" of "Follies" fame, had been living with her husband and their daughter, Margaret, in the villa of "Les Embruns," that overlooks one of the loveliest bays of Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, on the French Riviera. From Hyeres to San Remo, the ex-showgirl was known for her jollity and striking beauty.

During the closing days of the Carnival on this idyllic coast, when the circling hills were lit up by Greek fire, and merry-makers, in motley array, pelted each other with flowers, there was no more care-free creature, apparently, than Mrs. Townsend. She bubbled over with gaiety, and was always to be found in the thickest of the fun.

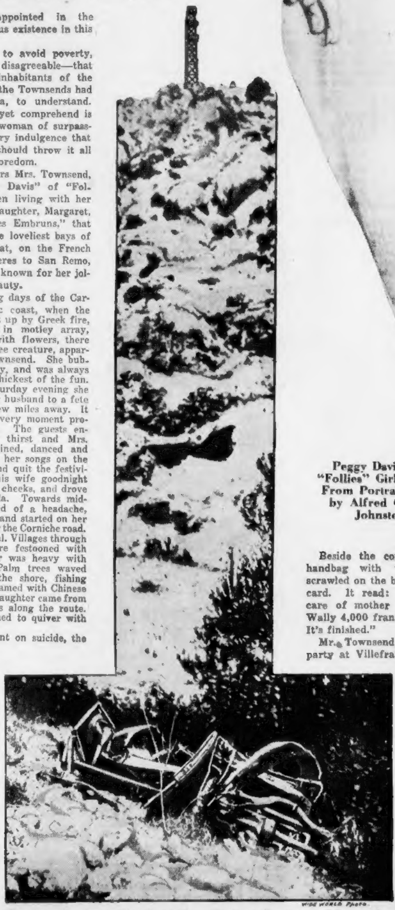
On that fatal Saturday evening she was invited with her husband to a fete at Villefranche, a few miles away. It was a gala afair, every moment produced new delights. The guests enjoyed an excellent thirst and Mrs. Townsend drank, dined, danced and sang, accompanying her songs on the piano. Mr. Townsend quit the festivities early, kissing his wife goodnight on her wine-flushed cheeks, and drove off alone to his villa. Towards midnight she complained of a headache, left the celebrators, and started on her last motor ride along the Corniche road.

The night was ideal. Villages through which she sped were festooned with flowers and the air was heavy with their fragrance. Palm trees waved their branches by the shore, fishing boats and yachts gleamed with Chinese lanterns, music and laughter came from the pleasure gardens along the route. The very stars seemed to quiver with the joy of living.

With thoughts bent on suicide, the former song-and-dance artist drove up to the terrace of the Hotel du Golfe restaurant, left her roadster, sat down to a table and scribbled a note on the back of a menu card, which she placed in her handbag. Then she gulped down two double cognacs, tipped the waiter lavishly, leaped into her car and set off at high speed in the direction of Nice.

After passing the viaduct of Eze-sur-Mer, the child of despair continued her death drive for 600 feet to the Cavarac section of the Corniche, where the road curves sharply. Here she drove over the parapet, plunging down 450 feet to the bottom of the ravine. The falling car was seen by Madame Limones ,a local resident, who notified police of the catastrophe.

The gendarmes Caraffa and Frigara, guided by Pierre Asso, the "garde champetre," had the greatest difficulty in climbing down the rocky cliff to recover the body, which lay at some distance from the smashed auto. Doctor Leroy, of La Turbie, pronounced the death as instantaneous. Not far from the scene of the tragedy is the estate of Colonel and Mme. Jacques Balsan. Mme. Balsan is the former Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York.


Wide World Photo.

Photograph of the Wreck of Mrs. Townsend's Automobile at the Foot of the Almost Perpendicular Cliff on the Famous Corniche Road on the French Riviera.

Beside the corpse was found the handbag with the death message scrawled on the back of the restaurant card. It read: "David, please take care of mother and baby, and pay Wally 4,000 francs. I'm tired of life. It's finished."

Mr. Townsend, who had left the party at Villefranche before his wife, was not surprised at first when she failed to return home. He thought perhaps she had gone with some friends to play at Monte Carlo. Later, however, he became uneasy, and early Sunday morning set out in his car along the Corniche. Near Eze-sur-Mer he came across a group of people peering down over the cliff. Seized by a sinister presentiment, Townsend stopped, took a pair of field glasses from his machine and hurried to the cliff's side. He arrived just in time to see the gendarmes bearing away the mangled remains of his wife. The husband was overwhelmed by grief and had to be driven to his villa, where he remained for a long time under the care of a physician.

David Townsend, a native of Sydney-Australia, made his wealth in Wall Street. Mr. Townsend refuses to believe that his wife wrote that farewell note, swallowed those brandies, and deliberately plunged the car over the cliff, seeking death. In trying to explain the note his wife left behind he has remarked that it was a habit of hers to write affectionate little messages and leave them around under his pillow or napkin.

But Mr. Townsend points to no occasion when any of these notes had any such sinister significance as the one she wrote a few moments before her death. This time the note was a clearly defined expression of her determination to end her life. It was, in fact, her will, requesting her husband to take care of her mother and baby, and directing him to pay Wally, the faithful nurse, a legacy.

If Mrs. Townsend had been in the habit of writing little messages for her husband of affection and trivalities, certainly this particularly one, clear, clean-cut and beyond any misunderstanding, was a notice that she was about to kill herself. The double brandies she swallowed in quick succession were to nerve herself to the deed she had determined on. And the tragedy which followed a few moments later confirms the significance and clearly expressed purpose of that suicide note.

Mr. Townsend assured the police that no altercations marred their matrimonial life and that his fortune was always at his wife's disposal. The husband had, indeed, been a devoted and indulgent one. Nothing his beautiful wife wanted was not at once supplied. And the result was satiety, ennui and the determination to end an existence where there was nothing left to be desired. In the enchanted land of the French Riviera she had found all that frivolous life had to offer, and she was sick and tired of it all.

"My wife adored the Riviera. Here she desired to live, here she died, and it is fitting that she rest here forever," Mr. Townsend remarked after the funeral service. And in that grave ended the remarkable career of a stage butterfly, who, at the age of 25, had lived more than most women of 75.

She was born in Birmingham, Alabama, on the last day of December, 1906, and at the time of her first wedding was only 12 years old. Her husband then was Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Alex Davis, and the marriage took place at Springfield, Connecticut. A divorce soon followed.

Next she married Mr. Donald Grafton, of Pittsburgh, but discovered, so she claimed, that he was already married and brought suit for annulment, in which she was successful. Soon after the collapse of her second marriage, and when she was still a girl in her teens, she entered a beauty competition, won first prize and began her stage and film career.

In 1923 she starred as a showgirl in the Follies under the name of Peggy Davis, although her real name was Mary Margaret Laird. Next she was entangled in a complicated affair with a Baltimore millionaire, whom she sued for breach of promise. Then she went to London, and during a rehearsal for a movie film is said to have been bitten by a zoo lion. When she recovered from a long illness, caused by her injuries, she met Mr. Townsend, who married her in 1925. Their baby, Margaret, was born a year later. And as the natives of this lovely spot still discuss the tragedy, they cannot comprehend why a woman who seemed to have everything in the world worth living for should destroy herself.

And Not One Bare Kneed Co-Ed Was Scolded

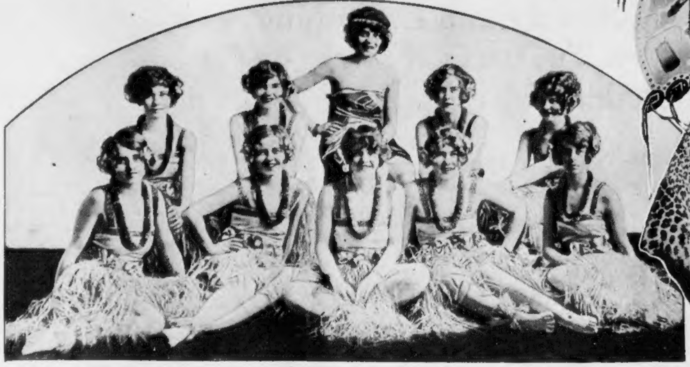
FOR five years there has been a rule at the University of Kansas forbidding any of the pretty co-eds to appear on the campus, or at any of the college dances or shows, with her knees exposed to the weather and to the gaze of others, especially to the eyes of the impressionable young males attending the institution.

This rule was rushed into effect after the opening performance of the annual college show, which had the tropical title: "From the Island of Wango-Pango." The amateur chorines in the production went through their dramatic maneuvers fetchingly dressed in grass skirts that, at times, did not cover the dimples in their knees—their naked knees.

That sort of thing, said the shocked dean of the young women, might be all right on Broadway but it most certainly was not all right on the campus of the University of Kansas. She backed her opinion with an edict, and at subsequent performances of the show the co-ed chorus girls were more modestly, if not more attractively, arrayed in tights, or stockings, that added little to the tropical flavor of the tuneful drama.

The episode was vigorously deplored in the columns of the campus magazine and the dean was, in tactful terms, taken to task for her somewhat prudish and old-fashioned ideas on modesty. Art, the collegiate editors pointed out, should never be the slave of convention, especially silly conventions that forced the belles of a primitive tropic isle to don such civilized habiliments as tights and stockings.

This editorial comment drew fire from various quarters—from the folks of the co-eds, from the press and from the pulpit. Opinion as to the propriety of the girls' costumes seemed pretty well divided, but nothing said in defense of the young women and bare knees made any impression on the college authorities. Modest or immodest, bare knees were taboo on the campus.



University of Kansas Co-eds Photographed at a Rehearsal of "Wango-Pango" in 1926, When They Were Ordered to Put on More Clothes and Cover Up Their Bare Legs.

Musical comedy being the flexible form of entertainment it is, the students could have found productions that did not require the cast to appear unstockinged. But they seemed to feel the criticism of their idea of divertissement keenly and for two years the University of Kansas thespians professed but mild interest in dramatics. They voted to spend their free time in ways other than rehearsing and presenting plays, musical or otherwise. In short, no knees, no shows.

The next year, however, the controversy that made stockings obligatory on the mythical isle of Wango-Pango appeared to be more or less forgotten and a show was put on. Another show was staged the following year—that was last year. The scripts of neither of these productions called for bare knees, so there was no complaint and no edicts.

This year the University of Kansas students studying design and painting in the Fine Arts Department decided to stage a ball with the students in the School of Architecture as their guests. Perversely, perhaps, the originators of the idea decided that the setting for the ball would be the legendary island of Wango-Pango.

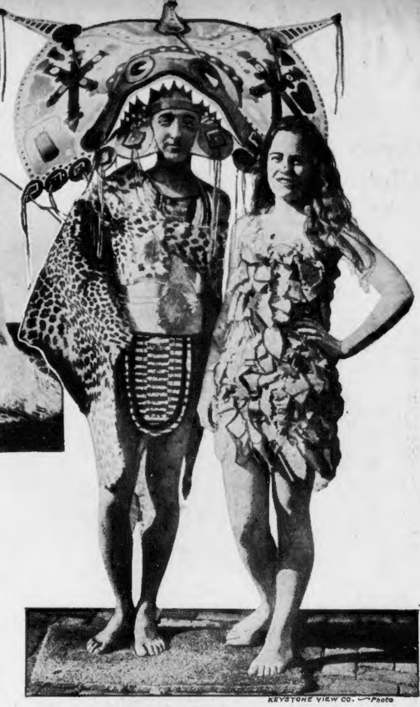
Most of the students elected to design their own costumes. They did not go into conference with the faculty about these costumes and the faculty did not attempt to exert any influence on the artistic imaginations of the students. In fact, no one seemed to give much thought to the rather embarrassing experience of the first inhabitants of Wango-Pango who had paid a temporary visit to the campus five years before.

On the night of the Arts Ball, as the collegians called their dance, the chaperones took their places in the hall almost beneath a spreading banner on which they read the words: "Let's Go Native." The room looked as much like a patch of tropical jungle as a Kansas assembly hall could look.

The chaperones—some of them faculty members—may have been a bit surprised at the fertility of imagination exhibited in certain of the costumes. But there was no outcry, even when Betty Kellogg, a pretty 20-year-old sophomore, was awared the first prize for an outfit that would not have been burdensome for Mother Eve. Betty was barefooted and the "skirt" of her tropical ensemble ended far above her knees.

There were many other pairs of naked knees at the ball, too. But not one of the pretty co-eds was scolded for her immodesty. The old edict was not mentioned. And no one registered an objection.

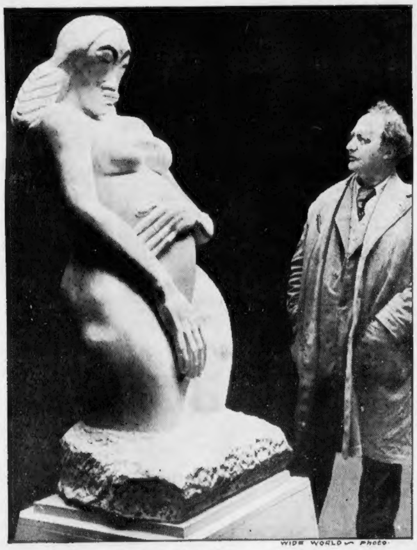
One of the co-eds said, after the party: "Why should anyone kick at our costumes? Times have changed. People are getting sensible and broad-minded. They are getting wise to the fact that, after all, a knee is—well, just a knee."



KEYSTONE VIEW CO.—Photo

Bill Vandel and Betty Kellogg, Who Won the Prizes This Year in the Jamboree of the School of Architecture. It Was a Sort of Revival of "Wango-Pango," but Times Have Changed and Knees Were Bare.

Epstein's Latest Sculptured Brutality



WIDE WORLD—Photo

Following His Repulsive Statue of the Saviour and His Grotesque "Rima" and "Day" and "Night," Jacob Epstein Again Has Stirred an Outburst of Criticism in England by "Genesis." The Sculptor Is Shown Admiring the Thing in the Leicester Galleries.

Insured Her Cats for $50,000

FRAULEIN Undine Luye, the German actress, is famous all over Europe as a cat fancier. Wherever she goes she takes her five valuable feline pets and personally prepares their food.

Not long ago her favorite cat, "Brutus"—shown with her in the photograph—got out of his traveling basket and narrowly escaped being killed under the wheels of a taxicab.

As soon as the actress reached her hotel she summoned an insurance agent and had him draw up five separate $10,000 life insurance policies—one for "Brutus" and one for each of the other four cats in her unusual menagerie.

"Cats have personality and poise," says Fraulein Luye. "And they are as fastidious as the most aristocratic of human beings. I would not exchange one of my cats for all the thoroughbred dogs in the world."

© KEYSTONE VIEW CO.—Photo.

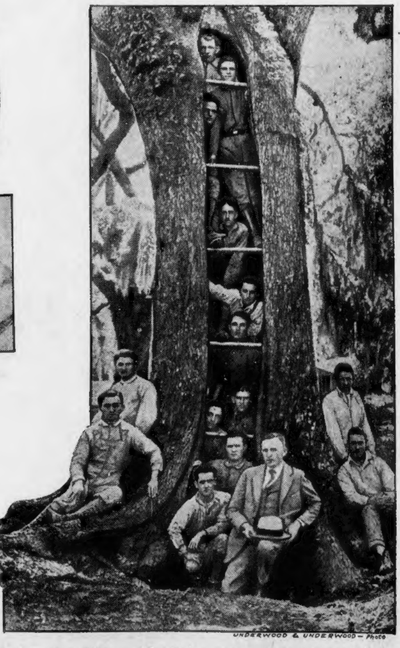
Fraulein Undine Luye, the German Actress, With One of Her Five Cats. The One in the Photograph Is Insured for $10,000.

"Surgeons" Saving Giant Oaks

TREE "surgeons" at work on the oaks in New Iberia, Louisiana, had to perform what might be called a major operation on the big trunk shown in the photograph.

In order to save the life of this old tree they removed enough dead and diseased wood to form a cavity big enough to hold an entire football team.

The job was so skilfully done that the valuable oak will continue to grow and will be healthier than it has been for many years. To prevent the tree from breaking, several sturdy steel braces were used to close the "wound." The cavity will be filled with a concrete mixture especially adapted to such salvage operations.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—Photo

An Entire Football Team of New Iberia, Louisiana, Housed in the Hollow of a Sick Giant Oak Which Tree Surgeons Are Restoring.

Why Compasses Misbehave

AVIATORS, making long-distance flights in planes and dirigibles, frequently make errors in direction because the needles of their compasses swing slowly and uncertainly toward the north magnetic pole instead of pointing directly and constantly to that point on the earth's surface.

Because no way has yet been found to correct this wobbling of the compass needle, British scientists have set up apparatus at the South Kensington Museum, in London, in an attempt to learn why compasses misbehave.

This apparatus consists of a heavy metal ball to which a long pointer is attached. This pendulum is suspended from the ceiling of one of the museum buildings and is about 80 feet long. During part of the day the pendulum is held steady by a cord connecting the point of the pendulum with a cleat set in the floor. At three o'clock every afternoon this cord is taken off, and the pendulum is swung gently in a straight north and south line.

In a few minutes the pointer is one degree off its straight course. In half an hour it is six degrees off its course, and at the end of an hour it is wandering twelve degrees off the line on which it was started.

The earth's magnetism, of course, has some effect on the metal ball of the pendulum, but not enough to cause twelve degrees of deviation in the pendulum's swing. The scientists have a theory that the rotation of the earth has a great deal to do with the peculiar movements of the pendulum.

The earth, they know, rotates on its axis at a speed of approximately 1,000 miles an hour at the equator. London, being somewhat north of the equator, is not whirling in space as fast as a point on the equator, but it is whirling.

The scientists have arrived at the conclusion that the pendulum continues to swing exactly as it did when put in motion and that it is the surface of the earth moving away from the pendulum's point that gives the effect of deviation. It is probable, they say, that compass needles in planes and airships are affected the same way.

Dig Up Shrine of "Crocodile God"

ARCHEOLOGISTS have known for many years that some of the ancient Egyptians worshiped a crocodile god. They knew this because mention is made of the strange deity in several papyrus rolls. But it was not until a few weeks ago that excavators of the Italian Archeological Mission, digging near Fayum, unearthed the ruins of a complete shrine to the god.

When the drifting sand was cleared from part of the site, the scientists found a courtyard flanked on each of its four sides by four mud and brick buildings exactly alike, and by four altars. On one of these altars was a weatherbeaten but readable inscription which identified the layout of buildings and courts as the principal sanctuary of the town which was sacred to Sekneptynis, the crocodile god.

With the help of this inscription and objects found on the temple site, the excavators believe they will be able to piece together the complete ritual of the strange cult.

Scattered about the principal temple, which was built of limestone, were several statues of lions and sphynxès. Just what these figures have to do with the crocodile god is not yet clear, but all of the buildings are not yet unearthed and it is expected that other relics and inscriptions buried in the soil will explain the meaning of these things as well as the exact manner in which the crocodile deity was worshiped.

Killed by Her Husband—or the Cow She Was Milking?

Three Juries of Kansas Farmers Won't Believe the "Mean Cow" Switched Her Hornless Head Around and Cracked Mrs. Wilson's Skull—So They Kept Convicting Wilson Without Any Evidence

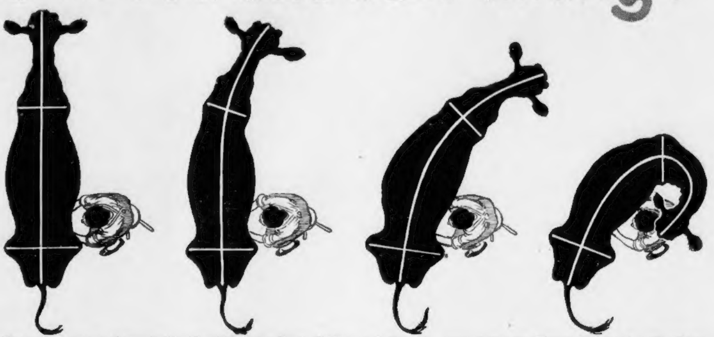


Diagram Showing Remarkable Flexibility of a Cow's Spine and How the Animal Can, by Slightly Shifting Her Shoulders, Swing Her Head Around and Strike a Sudden Blow on the Head of a Person Milking. This Is What the Defence Offered in the Murder Trial of Carl Wilson, but the Jury of Farmers Persistently Acquitted the Cow and Convicted Wilson of Striking the Blow That Killed His Wife.

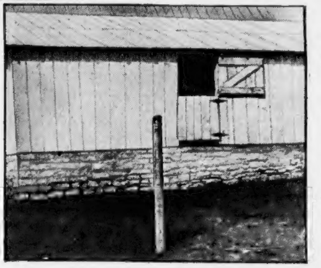
Photograph Showing Distance From the Cow's Head to the Head of a Person Milking. By Slightly Shifting Her Fore Feet and Her Shoulders a Cow Is Able to Land a Blow on the Head of the Milker.

The Forlorn Farmhouse Home in Jefferson County, Kansas, Where Carl Wilson Lived With His Wife and Two Children.

Grace, 10, and Clarence, 7, Children of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wilson, Who Live in the Painful Uncertainty as to Whether Their Father Killed Their Mother or Not.

Carl Wilson, Who Has Three Times Been Convicted by a Jury of Farmers of Murdering His Wife, Although No Real Evidence Has Ever Been Produced to Show That the Woman Was Not Killed by the "Mean Cow."

Mrs. Carl Wilson, From Photograph Taken Shortly Before Her Death.



Barn and Cow Yard of the Wilson Farm, the Stake Showing the Spot Where the Curious Tragedy Took Place.

CARL WILSON, a farmer of Jefferson County, Kansas, says that a "mean cow" killed his wife Lulu; but three juries, in the last four years, have convicted him of the murder.

These juries have all been farmers, like himself, and therefore experts on milking cows, both mean and otherwise. The whole 36 of them refused to believe that a hornless cow, no matter how mean, could reach around and kill a woman with one blow of her head, provided the victim was sitting where a farmer's wife would be in the act of milking. The trial judge set the first verdict aside on the grounds that there was insufficient evidence. The second time a higher court ordered a new trial stating that there was practically no evidence at all, only a motive.

Now he has been convicted a third time and the verdict must presumably stand, but it is generally expected that he will soon be pardoned or paroled. Though undoubtedly these farmer jurymen know more about cows and their possibilities for evil than do learned judges and courts of appeal, they seem really to have been convicting Wilson for another offense entirely and of which he was undoubtedly guilty. According to the testimony which the judges disregarded, this is what happened, on June 10, 1926:

Before daylight, in the barnyard of the lonely Wilson farm, screams suddenly rang out and then became silenced. Mrs. Elbert Wilson, who was preparing breakfast in the kitchen of the next farm, heard them and rushed across to the neighboring cow lot. She testified that on her way she saw her brother-in-law, Carl Wilson, turn and also run in the direction of the screaming.

He reached the scene ahead of her and when she rounded the corner of the barn, she saw several cows eyeing the motionless form of her sister, Lulu Gross Wilson. Carl was bending over his wife and he cried out:

"Quick, call a doctor. Lulu's been hurt and hurt bad by that cow she was milking."

Mrs. Elbert Wilson ran to the house, roused her sleeping husband, Elbert, Carl's Brother, and sent him for a doctor. The physician found the woman dead with a broken neck and stated that death must have come almost immediately. The screams therefore must have been uttered with her last breath.

There was a perfunctory examination, Lulu was buried and the blame placed on the mean cow, so mean that she had never been given any other name in that small herd and had been dehorned. With everyone's approval the animal was sold that very day to a slaughter house, executed and turned into boarding-house steak, tough in death as she had been in life. But that did not settle the matter.

Throughout the countryside people continued to discuss it. At dawn and evening astonished cows were put through tests in various barnyards to determine how far back they could reach with their heads. It was found that the animals could hit on the head a person who was milking them but only with their soft noses which would be unpleasant but hardly enough to kill anyone. It was the consensus of opinion that something was queer about Mrs. Wilson's death.

This alone probably would not have stirred the authorities to action if a strong motive had not also been established. Carl had been married to Lulu Gross Wilson for 11 years and lately the 40-year-old husband had taken more interest in her younger sister, Rosetta, than in his wife, who was 27.

As her other sister, Mrs. Elbert Wilson, wife of Carl's brother, had been the only witness and had corroborated everything Carl had said, this love complication in the family might be worth looking into. The County Attorney's office quickly found that there had been intimacy with Rosetta for some time. The girl who had lived for long periods at the Carl Wilson farm house, admitted that her lover had promised to marry her if anything ever happened to Lulu.

On December 21, 1926, more than six months after the death of Mrs. Wilson, a warrant charging first degree murder was issued against Carl Wilson. The body of his wife was exhumed. But an investigation of it failed to show whether or not he might have killed her. Two small wounds were behind one ear, but these easily could have been caused by the horn stumps. Wilson was released.

But investigation of that love affair with his wife's young sister brought something else to light for which he was arrested on the following January charged with manslaughter. He was said to have been the father of a baby born to Rosetta, in September of 1925, some nine months before his wife's death.

It further was charged that this baby had been born alive, that Carl took it soon after birth, wrapped it in a newspaper and burned it to ashes in the cookstove inside the house. There was no expert evidence to show whether the baby might have survived. But since it was alive at the time the burning occurred this was sufficient to justify the charge of manslaughter, if not the more serious one of murder.

Carl readily admitted the birth of the baby and Mrs. Elbert discussed it with the detectives. Apparently the matter had been no secret inside the family. Even Lulu had known the whole situation and tried to help her sister with medicine and various other ways. After the little one had been burned in the stove she insisted on only one thing, that Rosetta return to her father's home in Oskaloosa, and a few weeks later she did, apparently staying out of Carl's life from then on.

The man pleaded guilty to manslaughter, was sentenced to six months in the county jail and served it. Legally that ended the matter forever, but the farmers all over the country became indignant at what they considered a preposterously light punishment. Their wives could not get over the thought of that helpless little human being burned alive and they wanted the men-folk to do something about it. It was all very well to explain that no matter how easy the sentence might be, once a man has paid his debt to the state for a crime it can never be brought against him again.

"Well then," they argued, "let him get punished for something else. What difference does it make, as long as he gets the punishment he ought to have had in the first place?"

They kept after their husbands and the husbands kept after the authorities until a few months later Carl Wilson was charged with the murder of his wife.

Mrs. Elbert made a strong witness for him and the prosecution could not shake her. She testified that she had found milk spilled on the ground, the cows all eyeing her dying sister and that the mean cow stood sullenly with lowered head. Leaning against the barn she had seen a big club kept handy in case the vicious animal made one of her frequent attacks. She further testified that her sister had told her of being knocked down twice by the mean cow.

It was brought out that the dead woman did not ordinarily help with the milking but made an exception on this occasion because they were going after wild strawberries and wanted to get an early start. Carl testified that he had finished milking his share of the herd and was on his way to the house when the thing happened and his sister-in-law confirmed it. His theory was that the mean cow had waited till he was out of sight and then with a vicious swing of her head, had struck his wife on the head as she sat milking her and killed her with the stump of one of her horns. The defence showed evidence that sometimes it does not require great force to break the human neck if the blow falls in the right way. The prosecution laid great stress on the love motive, the easy way of blaming it on a mean animal and let it go at that.

The jury debated for twelve hours and the argument behind the locked doors of the jury room was mostly whether a cow could reach that far with a solid part of her head. Though the twelve men were all farmers some of them had not thought much about that possibility but among them were some who had tested it with their own cattle and they swung the others over. When they finally balloted it was 12 to 0 that he was guilty of murder in the second degree. This was a compromise, because some wanted it first degree. Judge M. A. Bender then set it aside, saying that he had never heard of a man convicted on such slim evidence.

But the general feeling in the community was more dissatisfied than ever and so, several months later, a second trial was held. There was no new evidence and again the same debate arose in the jury room but this time it was shorter and the result of the first ballot was a unanimous verdict of first degree murder. Again Judge Bender expressed his disgust but he declined to set it aside a second time. Instead he sentenced Carl to the State penitentiary for life.

But, as the evidence was no more conclusive in the second trial than in the first, the Supreme Court of Kansas declined to allow young Wilson to be convicted upon the strength of it.

It ordered a new trial, stating that no man could be convicted and sent to the penitentiary without any evidence against him. The fact that he wanted his wife out of the way so that he might marry her sister, even if true, was not enough. And the evidence showed Carl apparently had not seen Rosetta for some time, that there had been no love between them since the birth of the child and her return to her own home, which was months prior to the death of Lulu.

The people of Jefferson County were still unsatisfied and for the third time Carl came up for trial. The evidence was exactly the same and the only difference lay in the fact that the defendant had spent everything he had on his two previous trials and that Judge Bender, now retired from the bench, instead of hearing the case acted as Wilson's counsel. And again came the same discussion in the jury room about cattle and milking. This jury took 24 hours of deliberation but, in the end, the result was once more guilty of murder in the first degree.

There was an appeal, but it is thought unlikely that the higher court will order the thing to be gone through a fourth time on that same old evidence. The general expectation is that the upper court will let the verdict stand and that therefore Wilson must serve from five to fifty years.

During the six months pending the appeal, the thrice-convicted man is out on heavy bonds, working his neglected farm with the aid of his brother and his brother's wife and enjoying what may be his last chance to see his two children, Grace and Clarence, ten and seven years old. If the higher court does as expected, his only chance is that the State Board of Pardons and Paroles, recognizing the apparent lack of evidence against him, will let him out after a few months. Considering how indulgent these boards are with gangsters and other professional murderers, where there is no doubt of their guilt, many think this is not too much to expect.

Asked if he bore malice against his 36 fellow farmers who had convicted him, Carl Wilson said:

"No, but I wish that mean cow was still alive and that some of them had to milk her. She certainly fixed me."

Records of Our Times Preserved for Future Ages

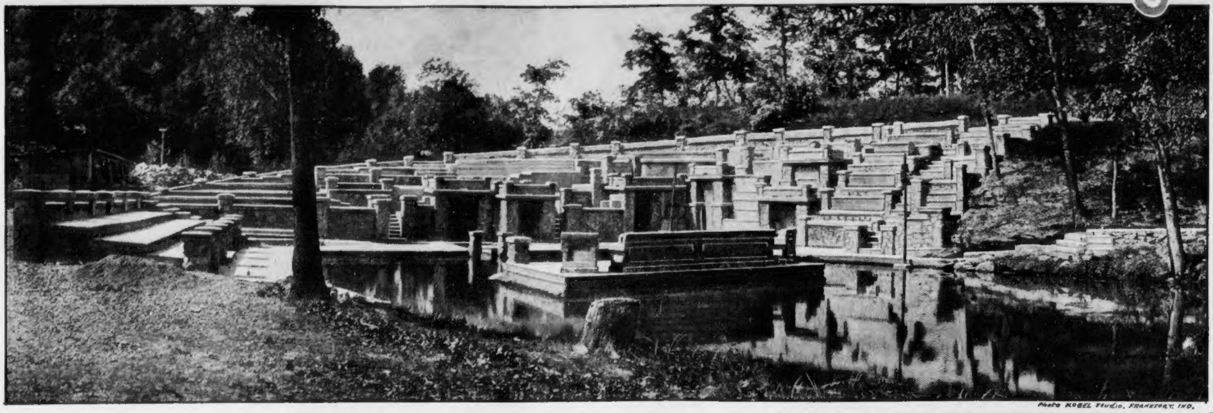


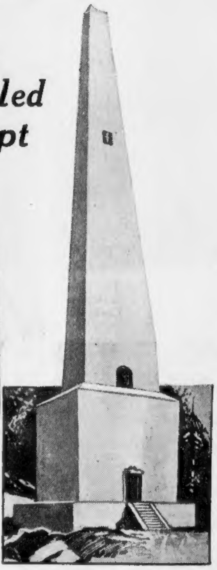
Photo KOBEL Studio, FRANKFORT, IND.

Foundation and Surrounding Seats of Rock for Seating 1,000 People, With Artificial Island for Musicians in the Little Lake in the Foreground. The Monument Will Rise From the Center of This Foundation.

Mr. Harvey's Imperishable Monument Where Everything Used in Domestic Life and Miniature Models of Industry Will Be Sealed Up Like the Old Tombs of Egypt

Miniature Model of a Granery in Egypt 4,000 Years Ago. Scribes Are Recording the Grain Which Laborers Measure and Dump Into Bins.
Photograph Copyrighted by Harry Burton and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Model of a Millionaire of Old Egypt Sitting in Front of the Cabin of His Yacht on the Nile While He Listens to a Singer and a Harpist.
Photograph Copyrighted by Harry Burton and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



The Proposed Shaft 130 Feet Tall, Containing the Rooms in Which Will Be Sealed Up the Records and Models of Present-Day Civilization.

THE old kings of Egypt stored in the chambers of their tombs, along with their bodies, a quite complete collection of their own personal belongings, and thus unintentionally sealed up safely priceless information about men and things 4,000 years ago. And now, today, an "indestructible" monument is being erected near the top of a mountain in Arkansas, with a main chamber 32 feet square, where records of modern civilization of today will be stored with a collection of articles of every-day use.

As the ancient civilization of Egypt has been wiped out, so the existing civilization today will also disappear, in the opinion of Mr. William Hope Harvey, who has projected this monument to safeguard the history of modern civilization for the information of those of the new civilization which may discover the monument in future ages.

Mr. Harvey was widely known many years ago as "Coin" Harvey, and to him has been given credit for the "free silver" ideas which swept over the country many years ago. The late William Jennings Bryan was converted to Mr. Harvey's ideas, but all this has long since been rejected as economic fallacy. Mr. Harvey may also be equally deluded in his present notion that our civilization of today will decay and pass as civilizations of earlier ages have. Nevertheless, the idea of building an indestructible monument inside of which shall be sealed up everything from a safety pin and a lipstick to an ocean liner may prove serviceable for reasons which cannot now be foreseen.

Inside of the main chamber in the room 32 feet square and 35 feet high it is, of course, impossible to store a sample of everything little and big which characterizes our civilization of today. But borrowing the idea of the ancient Egyptians, it is entirely possible to make miniature models of everything of importance that is too big to go into that showroom.

The modern historian is able to study and reconstruct the daily life in the Nile Valley 40 or 50 centuries ago because the important personages of those days were in the habit of sealing in their tombs actual personal belongings of themselves and family, and models in miniature of their cattle, farms, dairies, bakeries, factories and industries. If a world war, or the spread of Communism, or an invasion of yellow hordes from Asia should topple over everything mankind has built up since the dawn of modern civilization—then the contents of Mr. Harvey's monument, if it survived, certainly would be opened with great interest by scientists of a new civilization "ten thousand year, or a million years" from now, as Mr. Harvey puts it.

Mr. Harvey's monument is in the shape of a pyramid 130 feet high. It is being built at Monte Ne, in Benton, the northwest county of Arkansas. It occupies the end of a mountain spur at the edge of a valley. The Ozark Mountains are among the oldest in the world and were at one time 14,000 feet above sea level. They have been worn down through the ages to 1,400 feet. The pyramid is about 240 feet below the top of the mountain. If by erosion the valley is filled in and the mountains about it leveled in the long years to come, it is figured that the top of the pyramid will just stick up out of the ground. On its flat top will be a plate of the most enduring metal known, with this inscription molded in it:

"When this can be read, go below and find a record of and the cause of the death of a former civilization."

Similar plates will be placed on the outside walls of the structure, except these will read "go within" instead of "go below."

It is Mr. Harvey's belief that our present civilization is doomed to be wiped out and that nothing will be left to tell future man of the wonders of the present. He envisions, "ten thousand or a million years" from now, man of the distant future exploring the leveled remains of the Ozark Mountains and stumbling across the mysterious pyramid whose tip protrudes from the ground. Then they will dig away the dust of countless centuries and break into the pyramid with emotions a hundred times as acute as those experienced by Howard Carter when he entered the inner chamber of Tut-Ankh-Amen's sepulchre, or Leonard Woolley when he penetrated the 5,000-year-old tomb of the old Sumerian king at Ur and found still in position the bodies of the 59 men and women slaughtered to keep the dead monarch company.

To assist these future excavators in deciphering the secrets of the lost civilization, a simple keybook to the English language will be enclosed. This is expected to make it easy for the future race, no matter what language they may speak, to translate the records, histories, encyclopedias and other books.

The indestructible monument is being erected on a cement concrete base sixty feet square. The lower pedestal will be ten feet high and forty feet square. A stairway will lead to the door of the upper pedestal which will contain the main rooms in which will be placed records, books and models of airplanes, automobiles, ocean liners, etc. This part of the monument is to be thirty-two feet square and thirty-five feet high. Above will tower the main shaft of the pyramid eighty-five feet high, twenty-two feet square above the upper pedestal and tapering to six feet square at the top where will be placed the metal plate enjoining the future world to dig below and find the record of a former civilization.

The walls of the monument will be eight feet thick so as to withstand thousands of years of all kinds of weather and prevent crushing through the ages by the slow deposits of sediment from the surrounding mountains.

The main rooms will be in the upper pedestal, thirty-two feet square and thirty-five feet high. Above in the tapering shaft will be two vaults, each with an outside door. In these will be placed the books, records and machinery models picturing present-day civilization. Besides the Bible, encyclopedias, photographs and histories, ancient and modern, and the keybook to English language, there will be stored in the pyramid four copies of a specially written book dealing with the rise and growth of this civilization, the dangers threatening its overthrow and a symposium of opinions of the death. The book will be printed on imperishable paper and each page will be covered with transparent paper that will preserve the ink from fading.

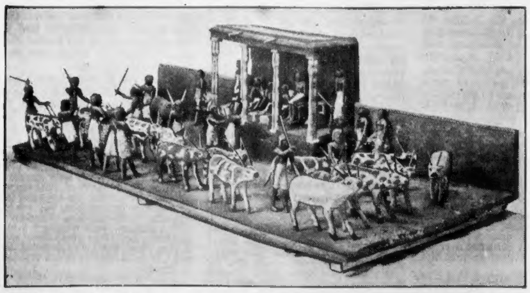
Each book will be put in a heavy glass container from which the air has been drawn out and hermetically sealed by molding on the lid. The pyramid itself after it is completed will be given a year to dry. Then the air will be drawn from the rooms and the doors closed with reinforced concrete and securely bolted. The records will thus be preserved in a vacuum, a further precaution against their deterioration.

A beautiful setting has been arranged for the pyramid, not for the benefit of the race to come but for the present people. Facing a small pool formed by a spring is an expansive terrace of stone benches modeled after the old Greek open air theatres. The Ozark terrace seats 1,000 persons. In place of a stage there is an artificial island in the pool 15 by 30 feet on which an orchestra can play or a speaker address an audience. The pyramid will tower behind this amphitheatre, and behind it will be the forest of mountain trees.

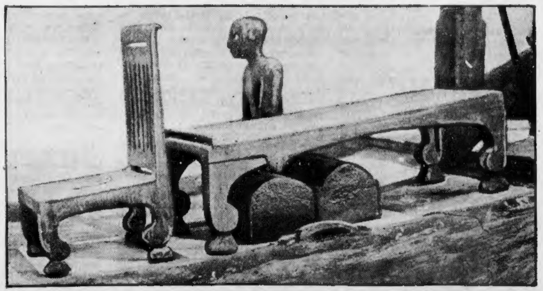
The old Egyptians and Sumerians did not choose the sites of their enduring monuments for their scenic beauty. They had no idea that their pyramids and tombs would be opened and minutely examined by a future race. When they buried with their kings and queens the jewelry, household effects, weapons and pottery, they were thinking only of the convenience and comfort and needs of the departed rulers in their future world. Food, weapons and other necessities were buried with them. In Sumeria, slaves, ladies of the harem, oxen and the military guard were slaughtered and sealed up in the tomb of a dead ruler, as all these were believed essential to his existence in the world beyond.

These tombs are now being found and opened by archeologists and their contents throw more light on the lives and characters of the people of 4,000 and 5,000 years ago than any written record. We know that the girls and young matrons of Kish, for instance, at least 7,000 years ago, used jewelry, cosmetics and brightly colored dress goods much as the women today; they promenaded the streets and flirted with soldiers and strangers from distant countries. All this is read by scientists in the records placed in the ancient tombs.

So Mr. Harvey and his associates believe that, after our present civilization is wiped out as were Egypt's and the city-kingdoms in Mesopotamia, a far future race will open the pyramid at Monte Ne, Arkansas, and thus learn the details of the civilization said to be declining today.



Model of an Egyptian Nobleman Counting His Cattle as They Are Driven Past Him. This Model Was Made 4,000 Years Ago and Sealed in a Rock Chamber of a Tomb.
Photograph Copyrighted by Mr. Harry Burton and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



Model of a Portion of the Inside of a Cabin on a Nile Passenger Boat, Showing Attendant With Traveling Trunks Shoved Underneath a Bunk. From Old Tomb of About 2,000 Years B. C.
Photograph Copyrighted by Mr. Harry Burton and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Three Lovers, Three Sweethearts—All Playing the Same Scene

How the "Movie Talkies" Are Filmed in Three Languages—by English, French and Spanish Actors—and So Each Nation Sees and Hears the Heroes, Heroines and Villains Just as They Want Them

1 Miss Betty Stockfield as "Mary" Is Affectionately Embraced by Mr. Neilson-Terry, "Lord Trent," and Thus These English Stars Register Affection Which Entirely Suits the English Audiences.

2 In the Same Scene as Above the French Actress, Mlle. Suzy Pierson, Is Folded in the Arms of M. Jean Murat, the French Impersonation of "Lord Trent"—And So, When the Film Is Shown in France, the Words of the Lovers and Their Embrace Seem Real and Satisfactory.

LONDON, May 2.

AT last the producers of British films have waked up and are endeavoring to follow the efficient methods of the American and German movie makers in the hope of getting better attention in Great Britain and the colonies and in the foreign markets. It is realized that there is not much use to try to compete with German films in Germany and Austria.

And British made movies have not been much of a success in the United States. American audiences have their own ideas of British accent and dialect and the American actor gives the better presentation of what the American expects to see and hear from an Englishman than a genuine British actor usually offers. Indeed, many London actors can hardly be understood by Americans when their voices are heard in a British talkie film.

In the effort to gain a profitable share of the French and Spanish film markets, the British producers are now putting out their films in three languages—English, French and Spanish. Few people realize that there are more nations which speak Spanish than read or understand any other language. In addition to Spain itself, there are the many and populous Central and South American republics, Mexico and many of the West Indies Islands. In the Philippine Islands Spanish is the language most commonly used. There is also a considerable market for French films.

The earlier method of "shooting" a picture with a British cast and then synchronizing French or Spanish words to fit the movement of the reels is being abandoned. Three sets of leading characters are now used in the important scenes. In the new film, "77 Park Lane," the big scenes are shot first by English actors, then by French actors and then Spanish actors go through the same scenes in front of the camera. Thus there are three types of leading man "lovers" and leading lady "heroines." In the "Park Lane" picture Miss Betty Stockfield, as "Mary," is affectionately embraced by Mr. Neilson-Terry, "Lord Trent." In the same scene the French actress, Mlle. Suzy Pierson, is folded in the arms of M. Jean Murat, the French impersonation of "Lord Trent." And this same scene is acted before the camera by the Spanish stars, Senorita Elena d'Algy, "Mary," and Senor Algary de Varcy.

Thus the English speaking audiences in Great Britain and the colonies see the sort of hero and heroine they want to see in the sort of love scene which seems natural and impressive to them. The movie audiences in France realize at once that their ideas of proper love are satisfactorily carried out by Mlle. Pierson and her French admirer, M. Murat; and throughout the Spanish speaking world the love scene between Senorita d'Algy and Senor de Varcy rings true.

The Three "Villains" of the Piece in English, French and Spanish—Mr. Ben Weden (English Villain), M. Paul Merrant (French Villain), Senor Antonio Gentil (Spanish Villain).

So, too, other leading characters are chosen to fit the various language versions of the production. For "the villian" of the piece Mr. Ben Welden plays in the English film, M. Paul Merrant is the French villain, and Senor Antonio Gentil plays the Spanish villain. Of course, the halting of the work to repeat a scene with French actors and then again with Spanish film stars slows up the production.

But not all of the scenes need to be taken three times. In the "long" shots and the "crowd" scenes, the English version usually can be used in the other language versions. In the "77 Park Lane" film there is, for instance, a gambling room scene. There is a crowd around the table and the gambling goes merrily on until word is received that a police raid is about to be sprung. At the first sign of the raid, the roulette table folds into a wall panel and the baccarat table turns over into a divan, someone plays the piano and the crowd starts to dance, just as the police make their entrance.

As the important principals of the cast are not conspicuous in this scene, and have nothing to say, the general ensemble of the gambling and dancing as photographed for the English version can be used in the French and Spanish versions.

Curiously, the nationality of the villains in this picture seems to prescribe the manner in which they are mauled and beaten by the heroes. The English villain, for instance, suffers an injury to the nose, but manages to keep his collar and tie intact. The French villain undergoes more severe punishment, for the French like their villains rough. Probably it is the bull ring influence that motivates the complete decoration of the Spanish villain's face with bruises.

The English directors go in strong for realism and authenticity in their newer pictures because they have had to put on their seven-league boots to get on in the race against American competition. The American films since the very beginning of the industry flourished in England and the British colonies because of the lavish manner in which they are made. The British film interests have resented the invasion of American films, and consistently have built up their own products to meet the competition. They were succeeding to some extent when the sound pictures materialized—the synchronized films that eventually led to the hundred per cent talkies.

Unfortunately for the English, they took a strong stand in favor of the old silent movies. They were very much opposed to permitting an American invention to force them to throw away expensive equipment, rebuild their studios, and introduce the new fangled apparatus that was necessary to make the pictures talk. The worst of it was that the new apparatus must be purchased from American manufacturers. Ordinary movie cameras were obsolete. With the advent of the talking films, camera, sets and even exterior scenes had to be protected against extraneous sounds. A new technique of directing was necessary. It was all very silly.

There were few movie men in England who believed that the talkies would revolutionize the picture industry; it was a fad that would soon pass.

The first releases of American films in London were viewed as novelties. Later ones were condemned as inartistic. Voices were unnatural; the synchronization was faulty. Men who were making love murmured to their sweethearts—they didn't shout so that their sweet nothings could be heard throughout a large auditorium. Moreover, American slang was being introduced into England. Worse still, these talking movies were American propaganda, advertising American goods, American customs — even American crime.

And so the English movie magnates, refusing to have anything to do with talking films, fell years behind in the industry. They suddenly discovered that foreign markets had no place for silent British films. The American talkies were flooding every country—and at that time the American pictures were made originally only in one language. But, for the benefit of foreign audiences, electrical recordings in many languages were made to accompany the pictures to whatever country wanted to buy them.

Eventually English movies found themselves limited to English territory and to the colonies. The films sent to America were laughed at.

It became necessary for the British to make some concession. They brought themselves at last to a spirit of toleration for the sound films — movies in which there was no talking, but merely bonafide sound effects. There was an improvement in sales at once.

The more enterprising magnates then grudgingly made further concessions—they began making films with talking sequences—plays of six reels, or possibly eight, in which probably two reels were devoted to oral acting. That meant, of course, a partial re-equipment of the studios. Gradually the movie men began buying more and more sound equipment. Germany was making inroads even on the British colonies. Germany had not derided the American talkies, but had adopted them.

By the time that the British industry had awakened to the fact that the silent film was old fashioned (they had believed with Charlie Chaplin that it would survive the talkie) it was too late. Americans and Germans had flooded the world with pictures that were perfect so far as synchronization was concerned, for the genius of American inventors had added many refinements to original talkies.

3 And the Same Scene Is Once More Acted Before the Camera—This Time by the Spanish Stars, Senorita Elena d'Algy, "Mary," and Senor Algara de Varcy, "Lord Trent." And So, Throughout the Spanish Speaking Countries, This Film Rings True.

The awakening was rude but effective. With all their capital tied up in the industry, the magnates resolved to go in for talkies in what the show business calls a big way. They saw, as did the Americans, the difficulties that talking movies presented with regard to foreign markets, and they were alive at last to the realization that imperfect recordings would never be satisfactory. Heroes in France are different from heroes in England—and so are heroines and villains.

In Hollywood, U. S. A., the Yankee movie men had found this out, too. They were importing actors from the countries to which they wanted to sell their films—actors and actresses who could take the places of American performers in films that were destined for their respective countries. England quickly adopted the only expedient left—the making of a movie more than once, using the same plots, the same scenes, the same photographic tricks, the same characters, but different actors—men and women who could speak the languages of France and Spain and even Italy in a manner that would convince the natives. It was expensive but vital.

"Crowd" Scene at 77 Park Lane, Where at the First Sign of the Police Raid the Roulette Table Folds Into a Wall Panel, the Baccarat Table Turns Into a Divan, Someone Plays the Piano and Dancing Starts.

The production of multilingual pictures requires a great deal of flexibility in the stories. Sometimes deference must be made to the temperament and traditions of a country to which the film is to be sold, and in these cases the stories are frequently altered to suit the taste of the movie patron.

The British are making strides in their new seven-league boots, but in their haste they have lost sight of another phase of the business that gives America its supremacy. In England the picture is usually as important as the star. In American it is the star who makes the picture—or, at least, that is the premise on which the directors work. At any rate, the star is the box office appeal.

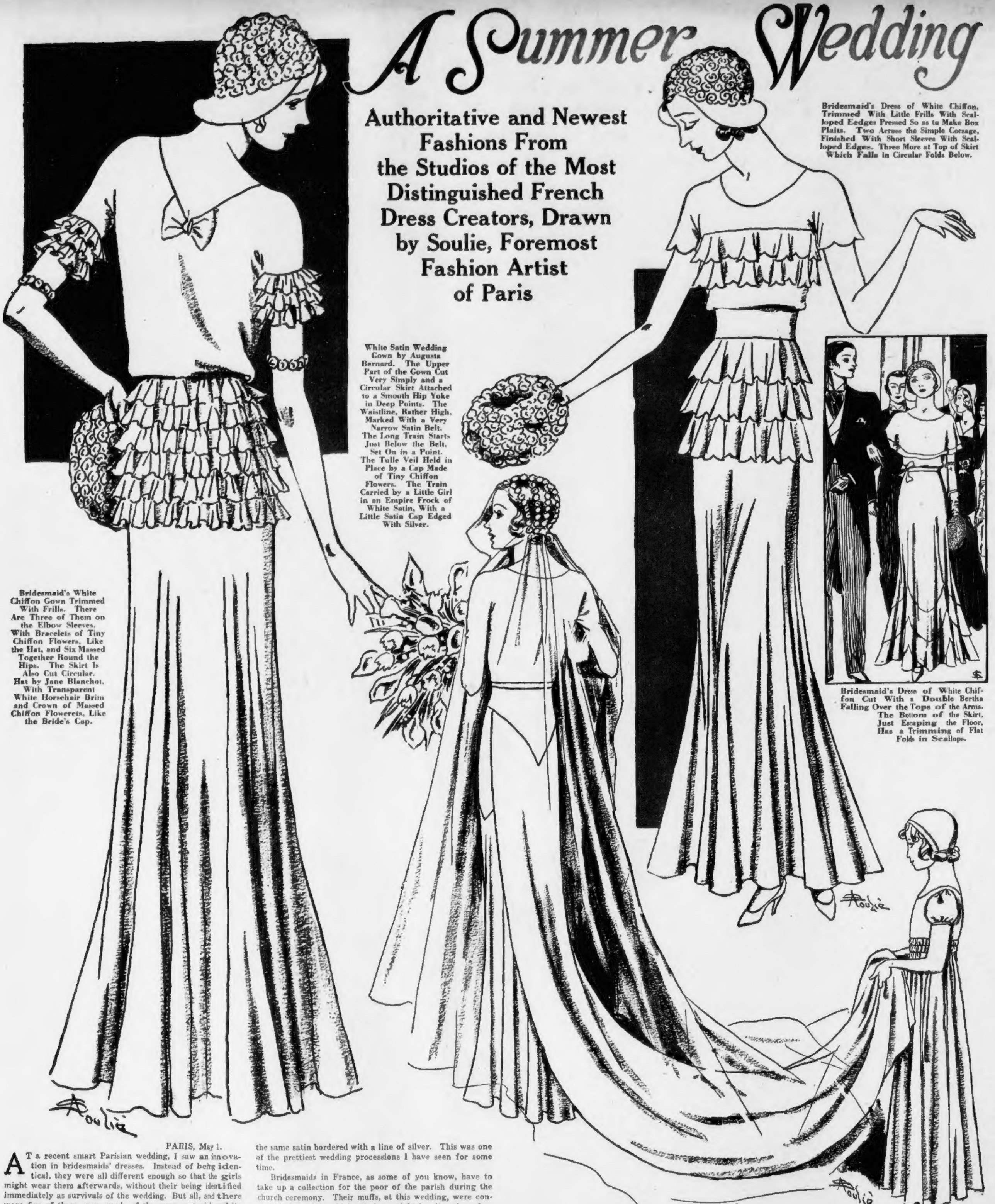
And because America has more money to spend, and more also to gamble, the best talent of the entire world is centered in Hollywood, while the British directors must make the best of their own personnel.

But just as the British film industry has tried to adjust itself to new conditions by tri-lingual reels with leading characters of British, French and Spanish nationalities, word has reached here that the American film producers are still a jump ahead of them. A recent Hollywood production has been reproduced in the Paris studios of the American film company in six foreign versions—Spanish, French, Italian, Swedish, Polish and Portuguese. Leading actors and actresses of these six nationalities took their positions in front of the camera, one after another, as the scenes were photographed six times.

In addition to this a German version was produced, but not by photographing German players. In the German version the American fim was run off on the screen at the Paris studio and German actors and actresses spoke the lines to fit the lip movements of the American players—thus the German version shows the original Hollywood cast of American players, but the words are spoken by German actors who are not seen.

A Summer Wedding

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris



Bridesmaid's Dress of White Chiffon, Trimmed With Little Frills With Scalloped Eedges Pressed So as to Make Box Plaits. Two Across the Simple Corsage, Finished With Short Sleeves With Scalloped Edges. Three More at Top of Skirt Which Falls in Circular Folds Below.

White Satin Wedding Gown by Augusta Bernard. The Upper Part of the Gown Cut Very Simply and a Circular Skirt Attached to a Smooth Hip Yoke in Deep Points. The Waistline, Rather High, Marked With a Very Narrow Satin Belt. The Long Train Starts Just Below the Belt, Set On in a Point. The Tulle Veil Held in Place by a Cap Made of Tiny Chiffon Flowers. The Train Carried by a Little Girl in an Empire Frock of White Satin, With a Little Satin Cap Edged With Silver.

Bridesmaid's White Chiffon Gown Trimmed With Frills. There Are Three of Them on the Elbow Sleeves, With Bracelets of Tiny Chiffon Flowers, Like the Hat, and Six Massed Together Round the Hips. The Skirt Is Also Cut Circular. Hat by Jane Blanchot, With Transparent White Horsehair Brim and Crown of Massed Chiffon Flowerets, Like the Bride's Cap.

Bridesmaid's Dress of White Chiffon Cut With a Double Bertha Falling Over the Tops of the Arms. The Bottom of the Skirt, Just Escaping the Floor, Has a Trimming of Flat Folds in Scallops.

PARIS, May 1.

AT a recent smart Parisian wedding, I saw an innovation in bridesmaids' dresses. Instead of being identical, they were all different enough so that the girls might wear them afterwards, without their being identified immediately as survivals of the wedding. But all, and there were five of them, were made of the same material, white chiffon, and the accessories were all alike. These consisted of medium sized hats, worn rather on the back of the head, made of fine white horsehair, with crowns made of masses of little white chiffon flowers. They all wore white crepe de Chine slippers, and elbow length white gloves, and carried little muffs of the same chiffon flowers that formed the crowns of their hats.

These white chiffon flowerets were the keynote of this wedding, for the bride's veil was held in place by a cap of them, like a trellis. Her classic gown was of white satin, very simply cut, with a train attached to the skirt in the back, just below the narrow satin belt. Her veil was of fragile tulle, very long and flowing, with a short bit over the face. She carried white calla lilies and white tulips, tied with the palest of pale green satin ribbons.

Her long train was carried by a little niece, dressed in a white satin frock, Empire in form, while she wore a cap of the same satin bordered with a line of silver. This was one of the prettiest wedding processions I have seen for some time.

Bridesmaids in France, as some of you know, have to take up a collection for the poor of the parish during the church ceremony. Their muffs, at this wedding, were convertible bags, into which offerings might be slipped as they made their way along the aisles, each escorted by a groomsman. The dresses, being in the same spirit but all different, were far more useful to their possessors than they would have been had they followed the usual custom of being identical. I could not help thinking that this was a splendid idea for hard times.

The dressmakers often include wedding gowns in their formal display of Spring or Winter fashions. There is a growing tendency among the best houses to use pale pastel colors instead of the classic white. Worth, who showed two weddings gowns in his Spring collection for the first time in his history, made one in white satin and the other in palest pink. Callot likes a blue-white satin. Molyneux has employed both palest pink and a pale yellow like fresh butter.

Lanvin's bride this Spring was dressed in white faille, with a stiff little tunic flaring from the waist, made of interlaced strips of the material twisted into cords. Molyneux's bride was entirely in white chiffon, veil and all, and she carried white butterfly orchids. Lelong's wore the new dull satin that they call "angel skin" in France. Callot's was in blue-white satin with a veil of blue-white tulle and silver. At the bal de la couture, Blanche Lebouvier showed a white satin bride with a veil of silver net, quite heavy in quality, that gave her a Spanish air.

Agnes-Drecoll showed at the same bal de la couture, an annual event, several gowns that would be charming for bridesmaids. One was in pale pink chiffon, the skirt very long and full, the bodice short and tight. In rows up the skirt were chiffon roses in graduated sizes, while the mannequin carried a large muff made of the same roses, and wore a wide pink hat with long satin ribbon streamers.

Martial et Armand showed that same evening, a charming bridesmaid frock of palest pink organdie. Flowers in several deeper shades of pink, mixed with green, beige and white, were appliqued to the lower part of the skirt, and decorated the bertha round the shoulders. One of Lanvin's mannequins wore a frock of organdie, the entire gown in overlapping narrow bands. The corsage was made of white ones, and the skirt, from a point half way to the knee, of bright scarlet. At Chanel's, there is a revival of the "lingerie frock" of before the war, in every sort of organdie, embroidered, printed, cross-barred, colored or white. Many of these are examples of most elaborate hand workmanship, and would be delightful at a Summer wedding.

And Now a 358-Egg Hen

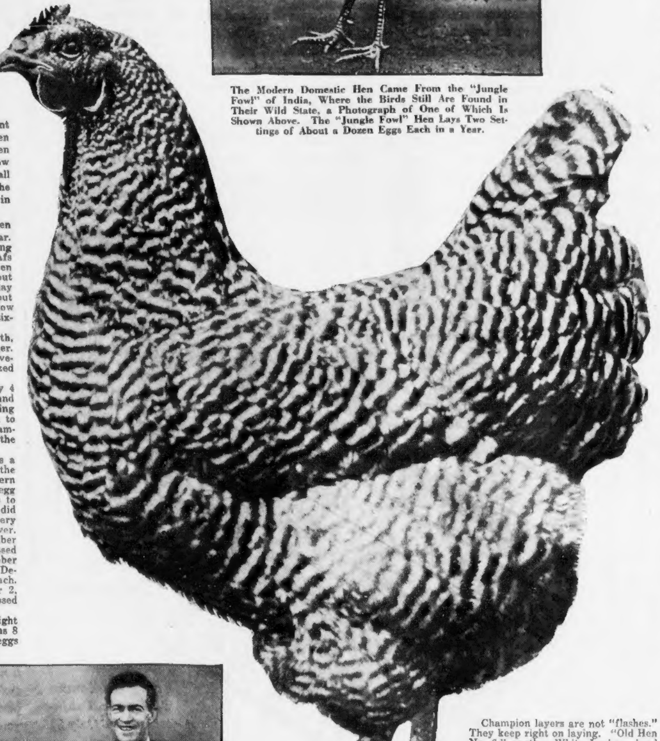
Lady Victorine Comes Off the Nest After a Year's Industrious Work With the World's Record of An-Egg-Every-Day Except 7

The Average Six-Year-Old American Boy Weighs 45 Pounds

The 358 Eggs Laid in 365 Days Made a Total of 45 Pounds

The New Champion Egg Layer of the World Laid 358 Eggs in a Twelvemonth, Each One Weighing a Little More Than Two Ounces. The Total Weight of the Year's Output of Eggs Was 45 Pounds. Statistics Show That the Average American Boy of Six Years, With His Clothes On, Weighs 45 Pounds. If All the 358 Eggs Had Been Put Into One Side of a Scale, They Would Have Balanced the Weight of the Average Six-Year-Old American Boy.

The Modern Domestic Hen Came From the "Jungle Fowl" of India, Where the Birds Still Are Found in Their Wild State, a Photograph of One of Which Is Shown Above. The "Jungle Fowl" Hen Lays Two Settings of About a Dozen Eggs Each in a Year.



Photograph of "Lady Victorine," the World's Greatest Egg Layer. This Remarkable Hen Is a Barred Plymouth Rock, Weighs 8¾ Pounds and Lays Eggs With Brown Shells.

READERS of the American Weekly will recall a recent page describing the achievement of an Oregon hen which laid 344 eggs in 365 days. Since then a hen in British Columbia has laid 357 eggs in a year. And now another Canadian hen, "Lady Victorine," has beaten all records by laying 358 eggs in 365 consecutive days. The egg-every-day-in-the-year hen will probably be produced in the near future.

The average common, garden variety of farmer's hen is not expected to produce more than 100 eggs in a year. She eats all the time, of course, but works at egg producing only for a season in the Spring and Summer—and loafs the rest of the time. But "Lady Victorine" took only seven days' vacation during the whole year. In the 358 days out of the 365 this extraordinary hen laid an egg every day which averaged over two ounces. Her entire year's output of 358 eggs weighed 45 pounds—and statistics show that 45 pounds is the weight of the average American six-year-old boy with his clothes on.

A 15-pound human being is a good sized infant at birth, and usually only one baby a year is born to the mother. But this hen, by persistent efforts, produced in a twelvemonth eggs weighing three times as much as a big-sized baby.

A six-year-old child is quite a citizen. He is nearly 4 feet tall, goes to school, and is an active youngster around the ball field or any place where something exciting is going on. It has taken six years from the day he was born to arrive at his 45 pounds, and yet this new egg-laying champion in one year has produced a weight of eggs equal to the six-year-old boy.

The new world champion hen, "Lady Victorine," is a Barred Plymouth Rock bred by Professor Baker of the University of Saskatchewan, at Saskatoon, on the Western Canadian prairies. The remarkable part of the 358-egg feat is that at Saskatoon the thermometer often drops to 50 degrees below zero in Winter, but on only seven days did the cold interfere with Lady Victorine's routine. On every other day the hen produced her daily egg without a shiver.

Lady Victorine started on her year's record September 3, 1929. Her first month was her poorest, as she missed laying four days, probably due to moulting. But in October she rolled up a perfect score of 31 eggs. November, December and January she failed to lay one day in each. From February to the end of the contest, September 2, 1930, a period of more than seven months, she never missed a day in delivering her egg.

Her eggs average a little over two ounces in weight and are brown in color. As Lady Victorine now weighs 8 pounds 12 ounces, in the year she laid 45 pounds of eggs she produced five times her own weight.

Professor Baker has evolved a strain of poultry, of which Lady Victorine is the star performer, that poultry experts say will revolutionize the industry in cold climates. These Plymouth Rocks have been bred to resist the bitter weather of the Saskatchewan Winter and produce a large quantity of eggs.

While "Lady Victorine" is believed to be the undisputed champion egg-layer of the world, her record of 358 a year is not official as it was not made under Government supervision and her record and pedigree were not registered in the National Poultry Records at Ottawa. But the record made at the University of Saskatchewan will hardly be challenged. The eggs were all trap-nested. She automatically locked herself in the nest every time she laid and could not get out until released. The origin of the eggs cannot be questioned.

This Photograph Shows a White Leghorn Hen, "No Drone No. 5-H," and Her Owners, Mr. and Mrs. William Whiting, of Port Kells, British Columbia. This Hen Laid 357 Eggs in the Twelvemonth—One Egg Less Than "Lady Victorine."

The official champion egg-layer is another Canadian hen, whose record of 357 is just one below Lady Victorine's. This bird bears the title of "No Drone No. 5-H" and comes from a long line of heavy layers. She is a white Leghorn owned by William Whiting, of Port Kells, British Columbia. The record was made last year at the official contest held annually at Agassiz, B. C.

Already this feat is being seriously threatened by a nameless White Leghorn pullet in this year's Agassiz contest. This bird, also owned by Mr. Whiting, has laid 120 eggs in 120 Winter days, a record unequalled at any other official contest. Last year the champion No Drone No. 5-H produced only 115 eggs in the same 120 Winter days. Winter is the time when even champions miss a day in laying.

If this new pullet keeps up her good work under the comparatively easy conditions of warmer weather, the poultrymen's dream of the all-year-round egg-a-day hen will finally come true. Her chances seem to be excellent as she is a most methodical young bird. She lays each morning before breakfast, right on the dot of eight o'clock with the regularity of a factory whistle.

Champion layers are not "flashes." They keep right on laying. "Old Hen No. 6," another White Leghorn bred and owned by the University of British Columbia at Vancouver, won the Agassiz contest in 1926 with a mark of 351 eggs. She has now laid more than 1,000 eggs, more than thirty times her own weight.

Australia and New Zealand in 1927 successfully challenged Old Hen No. 6 and for two years the world's championship was held in the Antipodes. A Black Orpington at the Darling Downs contest in Australia, achieved 354 eggs in twelve months. While this record was accepted as official by the Canadian breeders, they pointed out that the Australian bird enjoyed better conditions than the American layers.

At Darling Downs the contestants are kept in individual pens and do not suffer even the minor annoyance of being confined after laying in the trap nest until released. Also, the Australian chickens are fed individually, while in America twelve hens are kept in one pen and when fed have to scrample for their shares. Each hen has eleven other "hungry women" to compete with for food and drink.

At the Papanui contest in New Zealand another Black Orpington made a record of 353 eggs, only one less than her Australian cousin. It was Lady Victorine with her 358-egg output that brought the championship back to Canada.

The United States record is held by "Hanson's Pride No. 3," a White Leghorn bred by J. A. Hanson of Corvallis, Oregon, and recently sold to the Japanese Government. She laid 344 eggs in one year.

The development of these champion layers is another triumph of science over nature. The ancestors of the modern hen were the old jungle fowls of India. These birds, like their wild descendants of today, could only lay enough eggs for a couple of broods of chicks, perhaps two dozen eggs a year. When the old jungle hen hatched and raised half a score of chicks, her work for half a year was over.

To the ancient Romans goes the credit for first developing quantity egg-layers. Their methods were simple but effective and are followed by many amateur poultry raisers today. If a hen didn't lay, it was killed and eaten. If it showed too much tendency to brood, it also went to the soup pot. In this way inefficient layers were weeded out and, generation after generation, the daughters of the heaviest layers produced more and more eggs.

The practices in poultry husbandry and breeding, as followed by the Romans and other ancient people of the Mediterranean, were lost for many centuries. They were only revived a generation ago in England and in the United States. Men like Wyckoff developed a high producing strain of White Leghorns in New York State, in the first ten years of this century, that has stood the test of time and has provided the foundation blood for many other strains. Wyckoff selected and built up his strain on the basis of the external appearance and habits of laying, according to his own practical sense and observations. His methods in selection were similar to, but he went much further than, the Romans in their pioneer work.

The trap nest has, within recent years, become a great instrument for the selection of the best and the elimination of the unfit. Through its use, the breeder finds out exactly the number of eggs that an individual hen lays, and when and how fast she lays them. It reveals individuality in the size and color of these as well.

The second step in scientific breeding is pedigree hatching. This enables the breeder to trace the pedigree from generation to generation and study the history of the families. The process of comparing families is called progeny testing. The mothers that give the highest producing daughters are selected as the "mother hens" for breeding. Through the progeny test, too, males are found that have the power of transmitting high egg production to the next generation. These become the sires for the very best matings with the best laying hens.

It generally requires a good many generations of pedigree-breeding before champions are developed. These extraordinary individuals only come from families of high producers in which the higher levels of production have been pretty well fixed. It is only when the "genes" or factors in the little chromosomes that carry heredity in the germ cells happen to come right that fecundity of the nth degree appears as in the case of the 350-eggers.

And it is obvious that if a hen is not fed well, she cannot lay well. What is "bred in" cannot be "laid out," unless the hen receives a properly balanced ration, rich in the animal proteins, mineral matter, carbohydrates, the vitamins and the various constituents that go to nourish her body and produce that highly nutritious form of human food, the egg. Much has been learned about nutrition in the past ten years by the poultry experts.

Prof. E. A. Lloyd, of the University of British Columbia Poultry Department, who has made a study of poultry breeding, says:

"The modern 300-egger is of similar flesh, bone and feathers and, except to the trained eye, does not differ greatly from her progenitors. She will eat the same kind of food, range and eat on grass if she gets the chance, and pick up the insects and seeds in the field and forest. There are some fundamental differences, however, in her anatomy and mechanism.

"The present-day high producer might be called the 'machine-gun' hen, while the old bird would be the 'blunderbus.' The ovaries in the new hen are much more highly developed and are capable, from a mechanical standpoint, of functioning at a much higher rate of speed and also over a longer period of time than in the old-fashioned bird. There are literally thousands—biologists have counted up to 14,000—little oocytes (undeveloped eggs) in these great modern layers that might ultimately become eggs, if all the conditions were favorable and the hen lived long enough.

"Individual hens have laid up to as high as 1,300 eggs in 10 years, and if ways and means could be found to keep them living and functioning, they could go on laying much longer. At the World's Poultry Congress in London, last Summer, in an old age contest, hens were on exhibition that were over twenty years old and, in some cases, still laying.

"The 'machine-gun' hen is also more highly organized in her nervous system than the low producer. She has a look of activity and keenness and quality about her that is lacking in the poorer specimen. She is more active, she secures and consumes large quantities of food to sustain her body and produce a huge surplus of eggs.

"The man who is trained in the selection and judging of laying birds can pick out the best layers by their external characteristics, such as the brightness of the eye, the carriage of the head, temperamental activity, thinness of the skin, quality of feathers and body capacity."

The ordinary barnyard fowl is not expected to produce more than 100 eggs a season, generally in the Spring and Summer. She is good for only two seasons of laying. Better stock kept at regular poultry farms with better food and living conditions will perhaps turn out 200 eggs a year for two or three years.

Twenty years ago the 300-egg hen was considered an impossibility by the most optimistic poultryman. But today his wildest dream, the all-year-round, egg-a-day hen seems just around the corner.

ROMANCE

How the canvas of a pupil of Velasquez and one by Leon Kroll are changing all face powder ideas

By Carl Weeks, *Creator of Symphonie and Armand*

Had it not been for the suggestion of a bright young woman in 1929 that I "simplify face-powder tints," and this followed by a study of the portrait reproduced here—Symphonie Powder might never have been discovered. And the women of the world would have had to keep on guessing about powder tints and shades.

The lovely lady shown at the right of this page was painted by Marzio, a pupil of the great Velasquez, about 1650. I found the painting in an antique shop in England, badly torn and so covered with dirty varnish that the features were barely discernible.

It was brought to America and sent for cleaning and repair. When it came back, what had appeared as though some one had carelessly set a hot kettle on the canvas came out as the frame to the lady's bonnet. It was so brilliant, so alive, with detail and background revealing flowers and lace, light and shade—that I thought the restorers had returned me the wrong picture. The grime of years removed—a masterpiece was revealed!

Sitting in my office one day just looking at the flesh-tone the artist had achieved, I mentally likened it to other canvases I had seen. After taking a long look at the picture, I went home that night and compared it with the flesh-tones of masters, old and modern—Van Dyck, Lely, Romney, Lawrence, Corot, Manet, Kroll, Carroll, and Genth.

A Kroll painting of 1924 is a remarkable study. Here on one canvas were assembled blonde, medium, and deep brunette.

I found the underlying flesh-tints in the paintings by these masters exactly the same. A theory was born—the theory that what women's faces needed was not color laid on, but a finish added, something that, instead of concealing the lovely, natural flesh-tone, would reveal the individual texture, and the tone Old Masters and New have made immortal on their canvases.

These thoughts went through my mind: "If I wished to produce the finest possible finish on maple, oak, cherry, and walnut, would I take four varnishes corresponding in color to the woods? No, I would first clean the surface, put it in proper condition, and then put the same varnish on all. Whatever beauty there is in each wood, the finish reveals. If no two fingerprints are alike, it may be that no two faces have the same texture."

The next step was to see if theory would work in practice. I already had in Armand the masterpiece that reveals and does not conceal the individual texture of the face. The trick was to get a shade to correspond exactly to this underlying skin-tone of all women.

Every one asks: "How did you do it?"

The next morning I went into the laboratory, selected the fine materials which I knew should enter into a perfect face powder, and blended them with care and expertness.

Then I saw a powder-shade such as no one had ever seen before, and, as later proved, a powder which did what no other face powder, not even Armand, had done for women's faces. It was like witnessing the birth of Pallas Athena full-armed from the head of Zeus.

It took us a long time to discover that the great secret of Symphonie is in blending it in very small quantities. It is really hand-made with jealous care. It simply will not permit itself to be produced by the ton in great machines, as are the old-fashioned face powders.

Now for the trial by ordeal. I called an Armand Beauty Counselor, gave her a clean puff and said, "Put this on your face." Hers was a medium complexion—natural, brunette, and creme tints all looked well on her, but this new one gave her skin a creamy loveliness I had never seen before.

It looked so marvelous that I named the tint then, saying "Your face is a 'symphony.'" Then, so we could have a trade-marked name, we called it Symphonie.

Yesterday I had a theory—today I possessed a new creation—and *the* name. Now for the acid test. I called in a brunette with hair like raven-wings and eyes like the depths of tropical night. She finished her face with Symphonie.

Next I got the attention of a blonde with flaxen hair like that of Elaine, the Lily Maid in King Arthur. Symphonie blended with her skin in complete harmony. The "perfect blonde" and "perfect brunette" stood side by side. The creamy fairness of their skins emphasized the golden hair of one, and the dark beauty of the other. The coloring of hair and eyes was enhanced by the mellow tone Symphonie gave their skin.

In that day twenty others made the Symphonie test. Girls light and dark, fair and medium, with white or tan skins, with skins fine, coarse, dry, oily or normal. Symphonie became them all. It harmonized with skin and hair and eyes. To each, Symphonie became part of their living Symphony.

The meaning Symphonie has for you

Symphonie is the most important contribution to cosmetics since Galen devised cold cream about 150 A. D. It has made all other face powders old-fashioned.

Blended of romance, *with the added magic of a new perfume, Symphonie Powder is the* new *complexion for women.* A masterpiece—the one perfect face powder! The proof is Symphonie on your face. Symphonie blends with and makes itself a part of your skin. See trial offer below.

Carl Weeks

GOLD-BOND

GUARANTEE

You can go to your dealer, buy a box of Symphonie, use it for a week, enjoy its perfume and marvel at how it blends with your skin. At the end of the week if you think you can ever use any of the old-fashioned face-powders—your dealer will promptly buy the box back. We explicitly authorise him to do this.

Carl Weeks

Creator of Symphonie and Armand

GOLD BOND

Symphonie Powder
The natural skin-tone shade. Only $1 the box.

© 1931 by Armand

SYMPHONIE HAS MADE ALL OTHER FACE POWDERS OLD-FASHIONED

SEND FOR THIS MINIATURE SYMPHONIE MAKE-UP BOX

ARMAND, Des Moines

Please send me the Miniature Symphonie Make-up Box which will allow me to discover why Symphonie is the one face powder to bring out my own natural flesh-tones. I enclose 10c postage.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City and State*____________________

Now you can reveal the true beauty of your skin . . . with this first of all face powders to bring out your own lovely, *natural* flesh-tones. Symphonie was created for *you* . . . not to cover, but to disclose your individual beauty. Because it blends perfectly with your skin and becomes a part of it, it ends all hazards in choosing powder tints. Symphonie is a natural skin-tone shade.

We submitted Symphonie to many of the world's most beautiful women—women known everywhere for their careers in society and on the stage. And, without exception, they instantly acclaimed Symphonie as the greatest modern improvement in cosmetics. These women, who can afford anything they desire, have accepted Symphonie as the *one* face powder that reveals to the full the beauty that has made them famous. "You have made the only true cosmetic discovery of the age," writes one. And another says, "I use Symphonie all the time—it is my one face powder."

Go to your favorite cosmetic counter today . . . make a test application without charge or obligation . . . and find your own perfect face powder in Symphonie. There is nothing else like Symphonie . . . anywhere! It makes all other face powders old-fashioned. Make the test today.

SYMPHONIE

The World's Worst Pain

Not Toothache, Nor Appendicitis, Nor Even Gout, Science Finds, But a Combination of Faceache and Earache Named Trigeminal Neuralgia Whose Victims Suffer Tortures Unmatched by Any Other Pain

The Face of a Runner in the Last Stage of Exhaustion, an Expression Which Curiously Counterfeits the Pain Distorted Features of the Sufferer From Trigeminal Neuralgia.

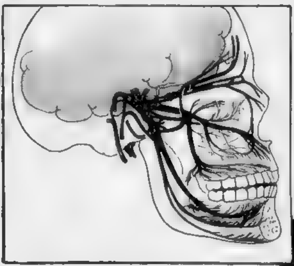
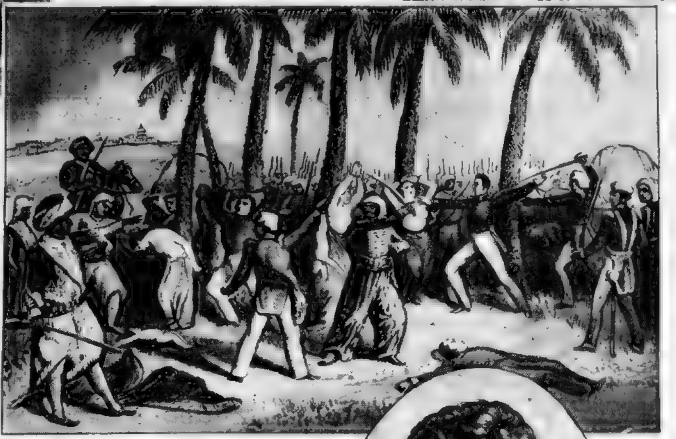


Diagram Showing the Head Area Controlled by the Right Trigeminal Nerve. A Similar Nerve Controls the Left Side of the Face. It Is Disease of One or Both of These Nerve Outfits Which Produces What Is Now Declared to Be the Most Excruciating Pain Human Beings Suffer.

Photo J. B. Neumann Collection

"Neuralgia," a Cartoon by the Famous Nineteenth Century Caricaturist Cruikshank, Which Does Not Exaggerate the Torments Experienced by Sufferers From Trigeminal Neuralgia, Now Called by Medical Science "the World's Worst Pain."



An Old Print of an Occurrence During the Indian Mutiny, Showing English Captives Being Slaughtered by the Mutineers. Lord Lawrence, Who Put Down the Insurrection, Suffered From the "World's Worst Pain," but, Absorbed by the Anxieties of His Position, He Had No Attack of It While He Had the Mutiny to Worry About. When the Mutiny Was Over His Neuralgia Returned.

Judge Jeffries, the Seventeenth Century Judge, Whose Severe Sentences of Death or Deportation for Trivial Offences Earned Him the Name of "Bloody Jeffries." He Suffered From Trigeminal Neuralgia, and It Is Suggested That the Almost Continual Pain Was the Reason for His Harshness.

ANYONE who has been compelled for long to endure the pain of appendicitis or toothache or gout is likely to maintain against all comers that his or her variety of pain was undoubtedly the worst in the world. Yet this somewhat doubtful honor of being the world's worst pain has been awarded by an Australian physician, Dr. A. Lux, to none of these but to a combination of faceache and earache called trigeminal neuralgia.

The trigeminal nerves, from which the disease gets its name, emerge directly from a hole in the skull, instead of coming from the brain through the spinal cord, as most of the nerves of the body do. Everyone has two of these trigeminal (three part) nerves, one outfit for each side of the face. Each of these three fold nerves possesses, also, a knot of nervous tissue, called a ganglion. Many physicians believe the little knot to be the seat of the inflamation or other disorder which causes the pain.

The disease has been known for hundreds of years as tic douloureux, which can be translated as "agonizing twitch." It has even had a patron saint, a Bishop Button, who lived in the Thirteenth Century and whose tomb is in Wells Cathedral, England. Sufferers came to his tomb to pray for relief. The grateful made gifts. Some of this money was used to carve figures of the afflicted on the capitals of columns near the saint's tomb. The distorted faces, the twisted tongue stuck sidewise out of the mouth and other features of these queer statues are perfect portraits of those in the torture of the neuralgic spasms.

"Put your thumb in a vise and screw it up until you cannot stand it," said a sufferer from gout, "and that's rheumatism. Then give it one full turn more—and that's gout." Possibly so, but Dr. Lux would retort, "Dig into the side of your face with a million red-hot needles and that's ordinary neuralgia. Then heat the needle white-hot and in addition thrust a white-hot poker into your ear and keep twisting it—and that is the kind of neuralgia that is the world's worst pain."

No torturer of the ancient world ever devised or inflicted on his victims an agony more intense than can be worked by something wrong with these nerves called the trigeminal.

Dr. Wilfred Harris, of London, recently discussing the disease before the South-Western London Medical Society, stated that Lord Lawrence, noted as one of the British officers who put down the Indian Mutiny suffered from it. One remarkable feature of this case was that as soon as the mutiny broke out Lord Lawrence was absorbed in the anxieties of his position, his trigeminal neuralgia stopped and did not recur until the mutiny was over.

The notorious Judge Jeffries, who lived in the seventeenth century in England and who was known as "Bloody Jeffries" because of the severity of his sentences, suffered from the disease. It is suggested that hundreds of men and women were sent to the gallows because of his almost continual pain.

It often happens that the onset of this intense pain is related to strong emotion or emotional shock. In other instances strong emotion may cure the disease temporarily, as happened with Lord Lawrence, but no one believes that the disease is entirely imaginary or emotional. On the contrary, it is believed that one of its causes is long continued irritation of the endings of the nerve by germ infection in the mouth. The trigeminal nerves happens to be the pair that, with one other, control the mouth and tongue.

One of the worst things about such neuralgic pains is that they do not last all the time with uniform intensity. A constant and continual ache tends after a while to correct itself. The victim's mind gets dulled to the pain, as one can grow accustomed to scratchy underwear or to any other minor discomfort. Neuralgia of the kind described by Dr. Lux and Dr. Harris denies its victim even this relief, for the pain comes and goes in intense, intermittent paroxysms. Each momentary relief merely strengthens the intensity of the agony when it returns.

This is characteristic, too, of some of the other pains which may be considered close contenders for the title of the world's worst. One of these is the chest pain called angina pectoris, usually a symptom of heart disease and believed to be caused by a sudden spasm of the arteries so that the circulation of the blood almost stops for a moment. The stoppage of the blood is the reason the paroxysms in this disease usually are accompanied by shortness of breath and a feeling of suffocation. The interference with the blood circulation deprives the body of oxygen.

Some kinds of toothache also come and go in paroxysms, as do the pains of trigeminal neuralgia, and the same is true of the neuralgia of the sciatic nerve in the leg, which is called sciatica. These are other strong rivals for the title of the world's worst pain. Gout and rheumatism may be almost as severe. The kind of "sick headache" called migraine, a disease which physicians still are far from understanding, can be placed high in the list of bad pains. It is the condition which so often causes what people call a "splitting" headache, in which the victim's head feels as if it might actually burst.

Earache, often referred to by laymen as the worst pain ever experienced, is to be included in the pain lists under this same kind of neuralgia. There are many kinds of earache, caused by different causes and conditions. Some are relatively mild, others are reasonably painful. But the worst kind of earache, the one which is always meant when really bad pains are being considered, is itself a variety of trigeminal neuralgia.

One method of treating the disease is to inject alcohol or some other drug into the ganglion of whichever nerve is affected, so that the nerve cannot carry pain messages to the brain. The victim is willing to lose a part of his sensation of touch on portions of his face, or even to risk a degree of paralysis of the facial muscles in order to obtain relief from his intolerable pain. This is Dr. Harris' favorite method, but Dr. Lux prefers to treat the disorders with electric heat, applied by a special method to the nerve ganglion suspected of making the trouble. The same methods have been used by many American physicians.

Just exactly what goes wrong in the nerve fibres or in the ganglion of the trigeminal nerve to make the face so painful no one is sure, for the theory of germ irritation still unproved.

The majority of pains are explained easily enough as due to an injury to a nerve or to pressure on it. A moderate touch on any part of the body produces the non-painful touch sensation. A stronger pressure increases this sensation until it becomes painful. If an abscess forms somewhere in the body and presses on a nerve, that is really much the same as extreme pressure applied in any other way, like squeezing one's thumb in a vise. Appendicitis pains are produced in this manner, as are also the majority of the pains of toothache. Even an excess of blood drawn to any part of the body as the result of a germ infection, a bruise or some other injury may be painful because the blood makes the tissues swell and causes them to press on some nearby nerve which immediately lets out its cry for relief.

Pressure does not explain, however, the kinds of pain included under neuralgia. These are caused by something that goes wrong in the nerve itself or in the ganglia to which it is attached. That is why trouble with the trigeminal nerve may cause intense earache. One of the branches that leave the main ganglion of this nerve runs to the inner ear, deeply buried in the head. If something goes wrong with the ganglion or with the whole nerve the victim may feel an intense earache even though there is nothing actually wrong in the ear itself.

On the other hand, real trouble in the ear has been known to work back along the nerve branch that supplies the inner part of that organ, to start trouble in the ganglion and in the general nerve trunk and thus the pain seems to spread over a large part of the face or the side of the head, although the seat of the actual difficulty is the ear alone.

One clue to why people who have no germ infections in the mouth or any other definite trouble along the line of the trigeminal nerve sometimes acquire, none the less, the agonizing disease was disclosed by experiments carried out a few years ago by two German biologists, Dr. W. von Gaza and Dr. B. Brandi. Small amounts of solutions of acids like vinegar, and alkalis like washing soda, were injected underneath the skin to see what effects these materials might have on the nerve endings. It was discovered that acid solutions are extremely painful. Everyone knows that such acid solutions taste sour, which is apparently a [illegible] of pain reaction in the nerves of [illegible] on the tongue. A slight increase [illegible] acid above the normal condition of the body's tissues is sufficient to produce excruciating pain in the nerve endings close to the spot of the injection.

Imagine, then, that by some accident of body chemistry the surroundings of a nerve or a nerve ganglion become more acid than they should be. Something like this imagined increase of acidity actually occurs, it is probable, in cases of gout. Such acidity of the tiny tube through which the nerve passes, or acidity anywhere else near the nerve, would be likely to cause pain.

Possibly the acidity rises and falls at intervals, perhaps as the blood removes some of the offending acid, or as more of it is produced by muscular exercise or in some other way. This may be the reason these neuralgic pains have their well-known intermittent character. It is too much acidity of the nerve in the leg, perhaps, which causes sciatica; too much acidity of the nerves or ganglia of the face which causes the worst pain in the world.

No one is sure whether this theory is true or not, or sure, indeed, of any theory of just how these exceptionally violent pains are caused. At least one psychologist, Dr. Henri Pieron, maintains that there is no such thing as pain in the body but that it exists only in the mind. This is true enough, all physicians admit, of the perception of pain. If a person takes an anesthetic during a surgical operation no pain is felt by the brain and none is remembered, because the consciousness was asleep. But pain reactions are felt by the nerves and produce consequences well known to physicians. That is one reason local anesthetics are preferred for some operations, because no pain damage is done even to nerves at a little distance from the operation. All passage of the pain through the nerves is blocked by the local anesthetic.

Dr. Pierson's theory that pain exists only in the brain is not likely to be a popular one among victims of really painful disease, for it would mean that the pain need not be endured [illegible] might be eliminated by sufficiently powerful mental effort. Possibly [illegible] is true if the effort is powerful enough, but very few people can muster will power enough for such an accomplishment in the midst of a neuralgic attack or a spell of gout. Yet different [illegible] undoubtedly differ greatly in the intensity with which they feel pain and the same is true of different races.

Meanwhile alcohol or heat may relieve even this world's worst pain. The alcohol injection kills the nerve fibres so the way it acts is clear. The [illegible] heat relieves pain is still a mystery. If the idea that pain and acid [illegible] something to do with each other is correct, it may be that the heat acts in some way to remove the excess of acid or to neutralize its effects.

If all such questions could be answered, as undoubtedly they will be some day by scientific research, [illegible] probable that even the world's worst pain could be conquered forever.

$5000 IN CASH PRIZES

Last Chance To Win! Contest Ends June 15th

The BAB-O $5,000 Cash Prize Contest is open to all.

It is easy to win and everybody has an equal chance. Read how.

How would you like to receive the first prize check for $1,000?

Just write a list of 15 best BAB-O uses.

In this announcement are many suggested uses for BAB-O to help you win. Each paragraph in the "Suggested Uses" on this page will be accepted as one use. You can substitute some new uses if you desire, but send in only 15 uses.

Prizes will not be awarded on handwriting or spelling. You can use pencil, pen or typewriter, but write on one side of paper only.

YOU CAN WIN

Time is no essence in this Contest. The last list sent in stands just as good a chance to win a prize as the first list. Artistic, fancy or uniquely arranged lists stand no better chance than your plain, simple list.

The Judges are impartial household economic authorities. No one connected with B.T. Babbitt, Inc., makers of BAB-O, or members of his or her family can enter this Contest.

The $5,000 Cash Prizes will be given to those who submit the list of 15 best uses for BAB-O in the opinion of the Judges, whose decision will be final.

To win a cash prize you do not have to be a user of BAB-O, the wonderful magic powder for enamel, porcelain, etc.

If two or more contestants tie for any prize, each of those tying will be given the *full* cash amount of that prize.

The Contest will end June 15, 1931.

Be sure to read carefully the Suggested Uses for BAB-O just to the right of this paragraph.

ENTER THE CONTEST NOW!

Be sure to write plainly your name, street address, city and state at the head of your list.

We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning them.

Send your list of 15 best BAB-O uses without delay to:

BAB-O Contest Dept. 50
386—4th Ave., New York City.

HERE ARE THE BAB-O 560 CASH PRIZES

1st Prize	. . .	$1,000
2nd Prize	. . .	500
3rd Prize	. . .	200
4th Prize	. . .	100
5th & 6th	. $50 each	100
Four Prizes	. $25 each	100
Fifty Prizes	$10 each	500
500 Prizes	. $5 each	2,500
Total	. 560 Prizes	$5,000

BAB-O and "OUR GANG"

Posed by Hal Roach's "Our Gang" . . . M. G. M. Pictures

Photo by STAR

"I AIN'T NO PORCELAIN"

. . . says FARINA

SOME SUGGESTED USES FOR BAB-O

(*Note—Select 15 paragraphs and arrange them in your list, in the order of their importance. Read details of BAB-O $5,000 Prize Contest at left*)

BATHROOM—Tubs, tiles, fixtures, bowls.

FLOORING—Linoleum, tile, marble, wooden.

GAS and oil burners.

GOLF balls and clubs

BRASS, copper, nickel, wooden ware, etc.

CLEANS bric-a-brac, piano keys, mirrors.

METAL window screens, windows, shades, sills.

REMOVES ink, grime, grease, paint from hands.

PORCELAIN, refrigerators, ice boxes.

REMOVES iodine stains on rubber articles.

KITCHEN — Ranges, sinks, fixtures, pots, pans, etc.

RUBBER—Mats, rugs, raincoats, hot water & ice bags.

FOR enamel, porcelain.

PANTRY—Dishes, glassware, steel cutlery, spoons.

FOR oil and grease stains.

CLEANS inkstands, pens.

REMOVES rust.

MARBLE door sills, steps.

TAKES ink stains out of carpets.

POLISHES aluminum ware.

REMOVES rust from roller and ice skates.

AUTOS — Bumpers, hood, windshield, running board, rubber mats, etc.

CLEANS milk bottles.

REMOVES iodine stains from the skin

POLISHES metal door knobs, push buttons.

CLEANS soda fountains, glasses, dishes, utensils.

RENEWS white canvas shoes, panama hats.

CHILDREN'S badly soiled clothes (light solution).

HOSPITALS—Enamel beds, painted corridors, operating room.

CLEANS eye glasses, false teeth plates.

DOCTORS' and Dentists' bowls, lavatories, etc.

REMOVES clinging adhesive tape.

BOATS, YACHTS—Railings, decks, fixtures, etc.

USE proper solution for painted walls

CLEANS metal signs.

BAB-O is marvelous to brighten so many things that Chubby thought he'd try to make Farina's skin white. While the BAB-O label reads, "for enamel and porcelain" BAB·O has proved so efficient that critical housewives have put it to work all over the house. Because of its superior ability to make things gleam quickly . . . BAB-O is the one aid to brightness in the bathrooms, kitchens and pantries in millions of homes. Tubs, tiles, basins . . . kitchen sinks, gas ranges, refrigerators, walls, floors shine with new splendor after BAB-O goes to work. Dull film, stains, rust, water-lines dissolve and disappear instantly. A little BAB-O does a big job swiftly. BAB-O is odorless . . . Try BAB-O once and you will never be without it. "A wipe and it's bright." At your grocer **15c.**

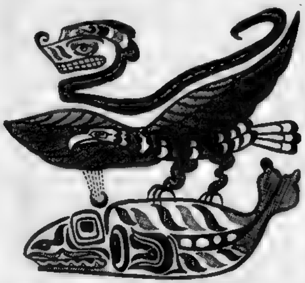
B. T. BABBITT, Inc. New York

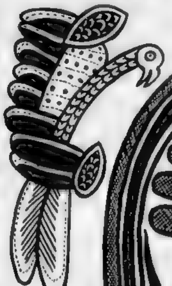
BAB-O

brightens bathrooms
works like magic all over the house

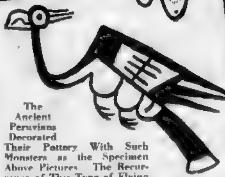
● *Use Babbitt's Lye*
Babbitt's Red Seal L
for Clogged Drain Pipe

Monster Birds Pictured by Primitive Man—Did They Ever Exist?

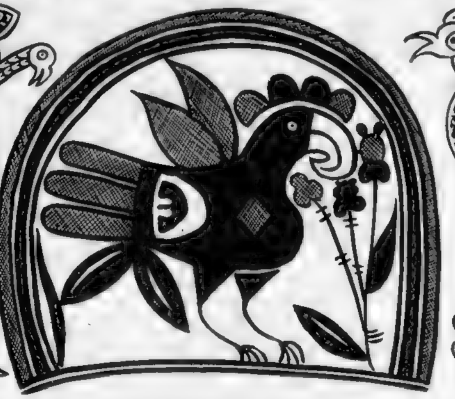




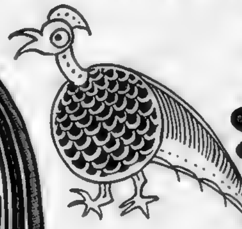
Specimen of the Art of the Nootka Indians of the Vancouver Islands. The Painting in Red, Yellow and Black Depicts the Thunder Bird, in Fear of Which the Tribesmen Lived, Carrying Off No Less a Prey Than a Full-grown Whale. —On Right— In the Batik and Tapestries of the Javanese This Legless Creature, Which Looks More Like a Huge Insect Than a Bird, Is to Be Found Throughout That Country.

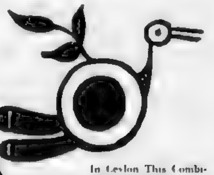


The Ancient Peruvians Decorated Their Pottery With Such Monsters as the Specimen Above Pictures. The Recurrence of This Type of Flying Beast Gives Rise to the Question as to Whether It Actually Existed.

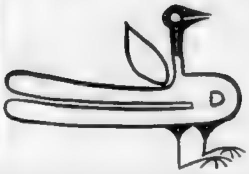


Zuni Indians, or at Least Their Artists, Were Very Fond of Painting the Creature Above on Laguna Pottery.





In Ceylon This Combination of a Bird and a Plant Motivates Much of the Ancient Art of That Land. —On Left— Another Example of Ancient Javanese Batik.



The Keresan Pueblo Indians, Who Lived Near the Rio Grande, Filled Their Folklore With Extraordinary Tales of the Strange Monster Pictured Above.

THAT some queer birds inhabited the earth in primitive times is known to everybody who has read of the fossils of huge winged creatures closely related to reptiles, fish, and, at one stage, to furbearing animals.

Yet scientists are quite ready to admit that the fossil evidence written in the rocks is scant indeed and that flying beasts as bizarre as anything the human mind can imagine may have existed in the days before the dawn of written history.

A book of primitive bird drawings published by Brown-Robertson Co., Inc., seems to strengthen the probability that modern man knows little about the monstrous birds that lived centuries ago. These drawings are authentic and were gleaned from all parts of the world. Some of them were found on the walls of caves, other were crudely carved from stone or wood, still others were painted on primitive pottery or designed in beads or mosaic.

Practically all of these designs are found again and again, some of them in widely separated parts of the world, and their recurrence leads scientists to believe that they are not entirely figments of primitive man's imagination, but that they are somewhat conventionalized pictures of bird monsters that really did exist.

One of the drawings, the work of ancient members of the Nootka Indians of Vancouver and Alaska, depicts the legendary Thunder Bird, which they feared and worshiped. This drawing shows the Thunder Bird with a full-grown whale in his talons and a symbolic serpent above his outspread wings.

The Nootka believed that the Thunder Bird carried a lake in the feathers of his gigantic back and that rain was the spilling of some of this water when the bird made a thunder by flapping his fabulous wings.

It is thought that the Indians may have got the idea of the bird-gods from some huge fish-catching hawk that became extinct centuries ago.

Two other primitive drawings reproduced on this page depict two curious birds frequently found in Javanese batiks. One has a long, thin neck, no legs and wings like a dragon fly. The other seems to be a combination of a peacock and a pterodactyl. Are they wholly imaginary creatures, or do they represent bird monsters that winged their way over the Java jungles centuries ago?

The crow-like creature in the center of the page appears again and again on Laguna pottery made by primitive Zuni Indians. Although this is more credible than most of the ancient bird drawings, there is no living bird like it, and scientists are wondering if such a creature once lived.

Peruvian artists of prehistoric days decorated pottery with the vulture-like bird pictured under the Thunder Bird. It seems improbable that such a flyer soared about the Peruvian Andes, but the design recurs so often that there seems to be a probability that some such creature once lived.

The American red men who lived in the Keresan Pueblo at Rio Grande nobody knows how many centuries ago had a penchant for decorating their walls and pots with a duck-like bird having an unbelievably long body and a black head.

The ancient inhabitants of Ceylon used as a favorite decorative design a bird with two tail feathers and a twig with three leaves growing out of its back.

Scientists admit that the former may be an exaggeration of some prehistoric bird monster, but the combination of bird and plant they look upon as purely symbolical and imaginary.

Big Family To Win $500,000

WHEN Charles Vance Miller, the wealthy Toronto, Canada, bachelor, died five years ago, among the provisions of his will was the bequest of a $500,000 estate to "the Toronto woman having the most children in the ten-year period after my death."

Half of that period is over, and it finds many Toronto mothers making a bid for the fortune. But up to the moment, only two have gained particular eminence in the curious maternity race. The two competing mothers have twenty-six and twenty children, respectively, and the one with twenty pins her hopes for at least equaling the record of her competitor on the arrival of twins—or triplets.

Strangely enough, under the terms of the Miller will, all of the children mothered by these women will not count. The number of children born after the death of Miller is the only point to be considered.

The competing mothers are Mrs. Florence Brown, 42, who has brought twenty-six children into the world in her twenty-two years of married life, and Mrs. Grace Bagnato, who is thirty-seven, and already a grandmother. She has bred a family of twenty children, eleven of whom are living.

Only six of Mrs. Brown's children were born after the death of Miller. Mrs Bagnoto has five children who arrived since the will was read.

Mrs. Brown is confident of winning the prize; indeed, the family is already making its plans for using the money, but Mrs Bagnato is sure that her prayers for twins or triplets will be answered, and that she will win out.

The Miller fortune was a huge one, built up from liquor manufacturing and horse racing. For some reason, the possessor of all this wealth never married, though he loved children. During his lifetime, he authored many philanthropies for youngsters, and never failed to give parties and benefits for them, particularly around Christmas time. Many people believed that his bachelorhood was due to the death of a sweetheart in his youth, or perhaps to a disappointment in love.

To his intimates, Miller frequently spoke of his heart's desire—a wife and a brood of youngsters.

Mrs. Brown says that if she wins the $500,000, she and her husband will buy a farm and take all the children there, so that they will be away from the city streets. Whenever a new youngster arrives, the Brown family goes to great expense to insure the health and welfare of the new member of the family, for if the child dies, the extra number does not count so far as the estate is concerned.

The Bagnato family is hoping to win the money, but up to now, nothing but bad luck has followed them. Sickness and unemployment, and all sorts of ill-fortune have been their experience. Mrs. Bagnato firmly believes, however, that fortune will be changed. Both husband and wife pray day and night that they might be blessed with a sufficient number of offspring to insure that future.

"And what a future!" Mrs. Bagnato keeps repeating — "a future with half a million dol-[illegible] big family then."

WANTED!
DIRTY WALLS, GRIMY WOODWORK TO CLEAN
DIC-A-DOO
PAINT CLEANER
15¢
20¢ IN WEST SOUTH & CANADA

DIC-A-DOO paint cleaner

IS THE ANSWER

Brush it on! Wipe it off!

There's magic in the way Dic-A-Doo *lifts* the dirt and leaves the surfaces gleaming.

There's magic too in the ease with which Dic-A-Doo is used . . . without rubbing or scrubbing. You can't imagine how easy it is to use this "beauty treatment" for painted or enameled surfaces, till you try it! It isn't just another cleaner—it's an entirely new and different cleaning method.

Walls, woodwork, linoleum, tile, porcelain, leather . . . all respond to the Dic-A-Doo treatment. And on all surfaces, before repainting or revarnishing—it assures better results.

Buy Dic-A-Doo wherever paint is sold—paint, wall paper, hardware and department stores.

The PATENT CEREALS CO.,
Dept. A-16, Geneva, N. Y.
☐ Send free sample.
☐ Send ½ lb. package. [15c enclosed]
☐ Send 1¼ lb. package. [30c enclosed]
Name................................
Address................................
City .... State..........
Dealer's Name................................

SAMPLE FREE! GET YOURS NOW!

7 out of 10 Brides last year made this mistake

BED linen so new—so fine—so lovely—perfect in every respect, except one. The sheets are too short.

Last year seven out of ten brides made the mistake of buying sheets that did not fit the bed correctly. True—they may have seemed long enough when purchased—only to become woefully short after laundering

This year a new, easy way to select full length sheets awaits you. Simply ask for the Mohawk *Triple Six*.

The Mohawk *Triple Six* is so tailored that it can be tucked a full six inches under the mattress at all points—the bottom sheet at both ends—the top sheet at the foot. Three six inch tucks. Also, the top sheet allows an eighteen inch (*Triple Six*) turnback over the blankets, to keep them clean and sanitary.

Regardless of how many times they are laundered, Mohawk *Triple Six* sheets will always be the proper length for trim, comfortable bedmaking. They guard against bedclothes pulling out at the bottom or scratchy blankets rubbing against your face.

Easy Laundering and Long Service

Mohawk sheets are a real aid to economical home management. Because of the longer fibre cotton from which they are made, they are amazingly sturdy and durable. Laboratory tests as well as actual home experience indicate that, under normal conditions, Mohawk sheets should withstand at least 200 washings (equal to 8 years average use).

Easy to launder, too. And from first laundering to last, they retain that softness, smoothness and whiteness that is the delight of particular homemakers.

Leading department and dry goods stores will be glad to show you Mohawk sheets in white and many fascinating color styles. Or send coupon for free booklet and samples. Utica and Mohawk Sheet Mills, Utica, N. Y.

A sheet for a doll's bed—Every little girl would like a Mohawk sheet for her doll's bed. Size 12 x 18 inches. Postpaid, 10 cents.

Experienced homemakers know that for a well made bed the bottom sheet should be tucked under the mattress 6 inches at each end, and the top sheet 6 inches at the foot. Three six inch tucks. Also, the top sheet should have an 18-inch (Triple Six) turnback over the blankets. The Mohawk Triple Six is designed to meet these standards.

MOHAWK *Triple Six*
SHEETS *and* PILLOWCASES

MOHAWK VALLEY COTTON MILLS
MOHAWK
SHEETS—PILLOW CASES
QUALITY GUARANTEED

UTICA AND MOHAWK SHEET MILLS,
701 [illegible] Utica, N. Y.
.... Please send informative booklet on correct bedmaking and free samples of Mohawk Sheets
...... I enclose 10c for one Mohawk sheet size 12 x [illegible]
● Name
Street
City State

THE EIGHT AS B

A combination which is winning 50 out of every 100 buyers of eights in its field . . .

The new Buick Eight with Body by Fisher offers a combination of luxury, safety and superior performance which wins for Buick alone more sales than the 13 other eights in its field combined.

Buick builds four series of eights, priced from $1025 to $2035, and in every one of them you obtain the full range of advantages responsible for this overwhelming popularity.

The beauty of Fisher styling and the enduring strength of Fisher composite wood-and-steel construction inspire true pride of ownership, as well as a feeling of complete security throughout the months and years you drive a Buick.

Spacious, richly fitted interiors, upholstered in broadcloth, whipcord or mohair, offer the beauty and restfulness of a luxurious room. Skillful insulation excludes cold, heat and noise. Wide, deep cushions, an easily adjustable driver's seat, and the Fisher non-glare vision-ventilating windshield add greatly to the safety and comfort of Buick motoring.

Just as Fisher builds for surpassing beauty, comfort and durability, so Buick builds to give you exceptional performance and reliability. All four series of new Buicks have powerful Valve-in-Head Straight Eight engines. All have Syncro-Mesh transmission*, which makes Buick drivers expert at silent, non-clash gear-shifting. And all have Torque Tube Drive, the secret of Buick's extreme steadiness and ease of control at all speeds.

The Eight as Buick Builds It with Body by Fisher is a motor car de luxe . . . a motor car of such outstanding value that it will certainly pay you to examine and drive the new Buick Straight Eight before buying any car. See a Buick dealer today.

4 SERIES . . . 22 MODELS . . . $1025 TO $2035, F. O. B. FLINT, MICHIGAN

BODY BY

UICK BUILDS IT

*Buick's Syncro-Mesh transmission includes a device which causes two gears about to mesh to revolve at the same speed. As a result, the teeth interlock quickly, easily, and silently—hence the driver can shift instantaneously to all gears, including high to second, thus utilizing the additional braking power of the engine.

VALVE IN HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS

BODY
by
FISHER

FISHER

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Adora Vernon's position on board the palatial yacht Sea Spray on a cruise to the South Seas becomes impossible when Nicky Armstrong, the owner, begins to make clandestine love to her, especially since [illegible] wealthy Adora is now the paid companion of Diana, Nicky's wife.

At Saranoa Adora is upset at meeting Don Carlos de Velasquinez, a Spaniard who at one time made violent love to her in London. Don Carlos renews his protestations [illegible] Afterward he takes them to his plantation for dinner and [illegible] begs Adora to marry him.

A hurricane [illegible] the party at the Spaniard's [illegible] for the night and in the morning Adora discovers Nicky and Diana gone and the Sea Spray [illegible] sea. Don Carlos [illegible] left by Diana explaining that Nicky had confessed Adora was trying to make love to him. [illegible] had decided that [illegible] the Spaniard [illegible] Adora they would [illegible] them by leaving [illegible] Don Carlos suggests [illegible] he send for a priest to marry them. Adora [illegible] She determines that she will [illegible] even though she is in his power.

The Spaniard [illegible] her with a suit of boy's [illegible] her reputation [illegible] get that she is a [illegible] begins his campaign to break her will by forcing her to [illegible] breakfast [illegible] to a fiesta. Adora [illegible] and escapes to Saranoa where she [illegible] gages a room [illegible] by Manoel [illegible] Manoel [illegible] her boy's [illegible] fronts her in her bedroom [illegible] night.

"You dog.... Take that!" Snapped Don Carlos' Voice on a Note of Flaming Passion.

CHAPTER VII.

A Fearful Fate

THE Portuguese, Manoel, secure in his supremacy over her powers of resistance, took no immediate physical advantage of them so far as Adora was concerned. He seemed to be taking delight in her humiliation, in her bodily attractiveness and mental distress as she sank into a chair. His small, beady eyes gloated over her, and his tongue licked his lips as if preparing them for a feast.

"You're a sweet little beauty to be hiding in man's clothing!" he said. "And what may be the idea of such a thing, I'd like to know, eh? You say you've come from the interior where you've been staying with a friend. A man friend, of course! That's one way of carrying on a love affair without other people being any wiser. That's the idea, is it?"

"Nothing of the sort!" retorted Adora, hard put to it to know what to do or how to escape from the catastrophe which had befallen her. How men did seem to pursue that fatal beauty of hers! First Nicky, then Don Carlos, and now this hideous brute with his hungry eyes and twitching hands, threatening to encompass her shame. She decided that silence was golden and that she would say nothing more about herself.

"How I come to be in Saranoa is nothing to do with you, senor," she said coldly. "I am here in your hotel as a guest. I have paid for this room and you have no right in here. If you do not leave me at once, if you dare to lay a hand on me, I will call in the police myself."

"Will you?" chuckled the other. "You don't know the police of Saranoa, my little chicken. They know better than to interfere with your dear Manoel, let me tell you. And if the police are to be called, it will go badly with you—a girl pretending to be a boy. Oh, we can be very moral and proper here if we like. And—such things are not done here as you are doing.

"You think, I suppose, I do not know who and what you are?" he added with a grin. "My silly little lamb, I have a good memory for faces. And yours I have seen before, only a day since. For you are one of the Inghlese senoras who came ashore from the white yacht and lunched at this hotel. And you took lunch with Don Carlos de Velasquinez. The other Inghlese people and the yacht have sailed. But—you remain? Buene. It is easy to see why. The caballero has an excellent taste, only you have run away from him."

Seeing that in this unforeseen way Adora's story had been faithfully related to her, she did not contradict it. She decided that the best course was to adopt a conciliatory attitude towards the Portuguese, to try and appeal to his better nature, or at least to his cupidity and seek to buy from him her threatened safety.

"That is quite true, senor," she said, gesturing pitifully. "Don Carlos tried to treat me abominably, but—I managed to escape leaving him—perhaps dead, for all I know or care——"

"Oh-he!" The Portuguese stared. "You little tiger-cat! You have left the great Don Carlos for dead?"

"Listen, senor . . ." Adora took a step nearer to the other. "If it is a question of money, you will gain by being friendly with me and by helping me to escape by boat from here. Be kind to me and give me this assistance and I will pay you well."

"That, of course, you will do in any case, querida!" His beady little eyes blinked in amusement. "As for the money, I shall help myself to it without question. I know where it is. In the pocket of that coat on the bed. And, as for helping you to escape by boat from here—well, cara mia, I might very easily do that—after I have finished with you . . ."

"Finished with me?"

This time Adora took a step backward, the Portuguese slowly advancing on his side.

"What do you think, sweet little dove?" he chuckled. "You are a woman—a lovely woman. Do you think that Manoel did not know what he was doing when he gave you this room? Be sure he did. Manoel's little angel is going to be sweet and good to him. She will nestle in his loving arms—"

"If you dare to lay a finger on me—!" Adora began, when his hand flashed out and gripped her by one slender white wrist.

"Well, querida?" he leered down at her, fanning her shrinking face with his foul breath. She shuddered, stiffened, anger flaming in her eyes. Ironically, at this moment, the only answer she could think to give concerned the very man to escape whom she had come here.

"You will have to answer to Don Carlos de Velasquinez—remember that!" she said in a way which she hoped would impress him. It was clear at once to her from his face that the man did have cause to fear Don Carlos, although he would not admit so much in words.

"What chance will you ever have of seeing Don Carlos again?" he grinned. "Don't imagine it. Do you think your dear Manoel is a fool? Don Carlos will never know you have been here. No one will know. Manoel is going to keep you to himself, little white and pink almond blossom! Your liberty is gone. You will be kept under lock and key till your dear Manoel tires of you. And then—there is always the sea, which tells no secrets."

And there, while Adora was chilled by fear and speechless with horror of this incredible fate, her captor had so far overpowered her that she was in his arms, screaming and struggling, kicking with her small feet, biting with her pearly teeth, scratching with her manicured fingers. Despite all, his lips were buried in her neck, and his arms crushed her to him so that the breath seemed to leave her body. Together, struggling, they lurched this way and that for what seemed to her an incredible time, spinning round in circles, swaying this way and that, one of his hands forcing back her face so that her lips must be at the mercy of his.

Then, out of the unseen, another intervened and a voice interrupted, a voice at the sound of which Adora uttered a breathless little cry and found herself suddenly unloosed by the Portuguese.

"You dog . . . Take that!" snapped Don Carlos' voice on a note of flaming passion.

Adora, sent spinning backwards by the impetus of her sudden release, fell against the bed and sank down upon it in a little breathless heap. She saw vaguely that the Portuguese lay upon the floor on his back, a corpulent mass of unconscious flesh. Over him stood no one more unexpected than Don Carlos, legs astride, fists clenched.

Don Carlos paid no attention to Adora at all. He bent down, seized the unconscious man by one ear, lifting his head from the floor by that means and then letting it drop again with a thud. Afterwards, with a little laugh, he crossed to a stand bearing a water-jug, brought the last across to the man and poured the contents over his face, dropping the empty jug to the floor, on which it crashed and broke to fragments.

The Portuguese, quite sud-

(Continued on Page 18)

If you have one single
GRAY HAIR
mail this coupon

We will show you how to bring youthful color to every gray hair in your head. Our method is entirely SAFE—harmless to hair or scalp. Just comb colorless liquid through the hair. Brings color that defies detection. Will not wash or rub off. No experience required . . . Let us prove results to you as we have proved them to more than 3,000,000 women.

FREE
TEST PACKAGE
Convince yourself. Snip off a lock . . . Test results first this way. No risk . . . Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE
MARY T. GOLDMAN,
6087 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Name
Street
City State
CHECK COLOR OF HAIR
☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

In training for a permanent

SMART GIRL! She knows that a permanent wave is apt to make the hair dry and brittle, unless it is in the best of condition beforehand. So she goes in training.

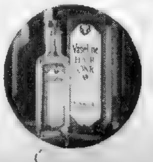
Why not try it? It's a great idea—really. And so simple. For a month or two before you plan to have your hair permanently waved, give yourself a weekly treatment to cleanse and tone the scalp and improve the texture of the hair. First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the scalp directly from the convenient shaker-top bottle. Next, massage the whole head gently but firmly with an upward, rotary movement, until it feels pleasantly tingling. And then shampoo as usual.

It sounds almost too easy to be valuable, doesn't it? But just wait until you see the new softness and lovely lustre of your hair after these treatments. And the permanent wave will look so natural and set so beautifully that you'll be telling all your friends to "go in training" too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1931



"COLOR is your Magic Key to ROMANCE"

says Elinor Glyn

". . . and remember, LUX NEVER FADES COLORS!"

"COLOR *is* magic! It can transform even a plain Jenny-Wren sort of girl into a starry-eyed beauty . . . be her key to romance.

"Be careful to wear the colors that suit YOU best. And do take care never to let them fade, because—

1. Even a little fading robs a color of its 'live, thrilling quality and
2. may change it into a shade that is actually wrong for you.

"One tone of green, for example, will make you sparkling-eyed, clear-skinned. A slightly different tone makes you sallow. So never, never risk color fading.

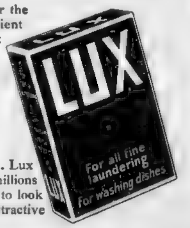
"It's easy to prevent fading. Lux is especially made to preserve color. Ordinary 'good' soap so often takes out color, but Lux is always safe.

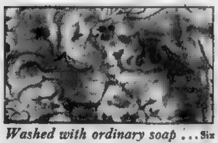
"And remember, too, that not only in your clothes but in your SURROUNDINGS, color casts a spell! So cherish the beauty of color in your draperies, slip covers, even in the linens on your dinner table . . . keep it utterly perfect with Lux."

ELINOR GLYN

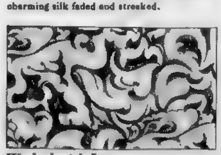
Ask for the convenient big box

. . . Lux helps millions of girls to look more attractive





Washed with ordinary soap . . . Six washings in ordinary "good" soap have left this charming silk faded and streaked.



Washed with Lux . . . Six Lux washings have had an amazingly different effect. All the lovely colors perfect; no fading or streaking.

Any color safe in water alone is just as safe in LUX

PLANTERS PEANUTS

THE NICKEL LUNCH

Believe it or Not

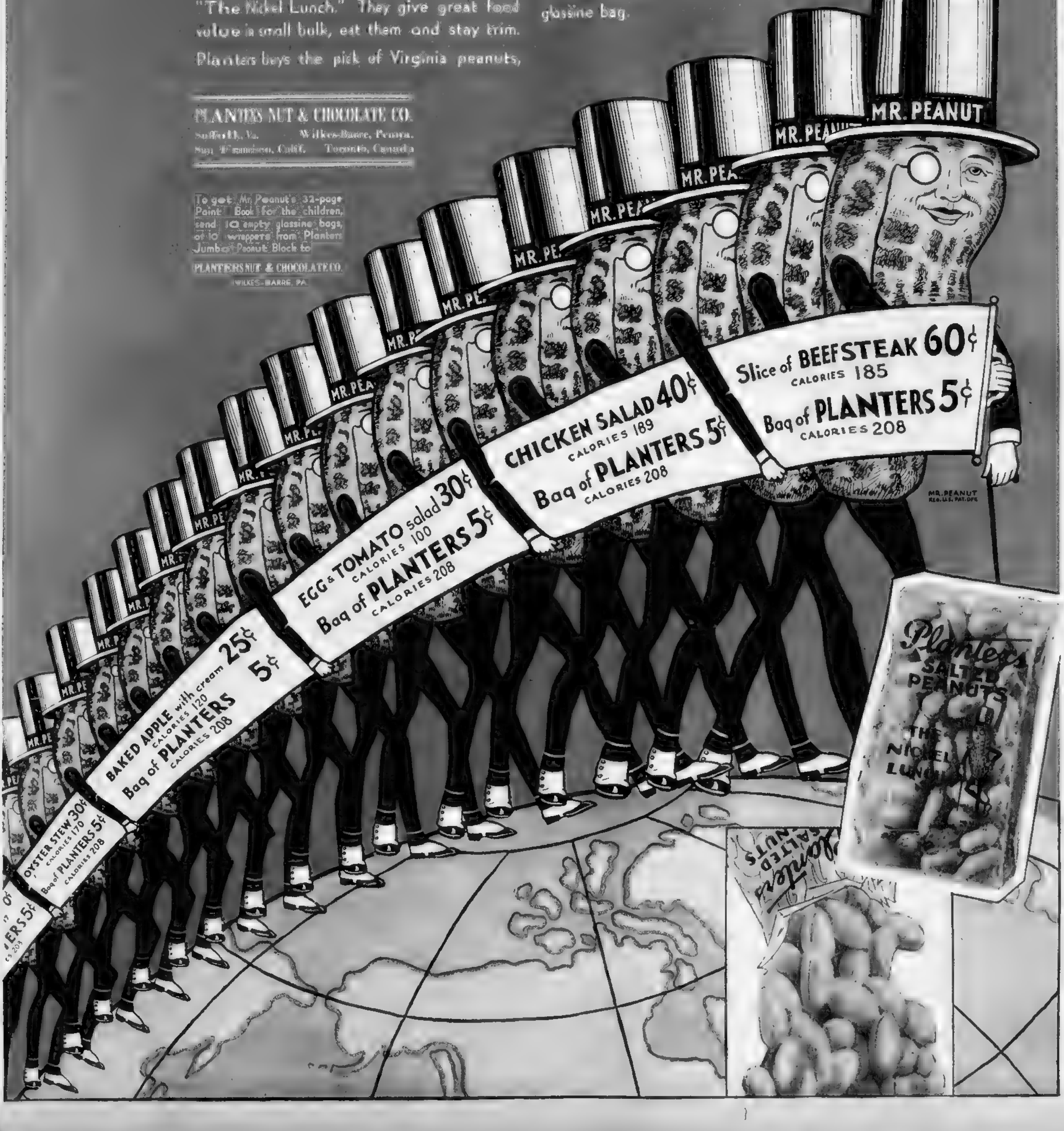
There are more calories, more energy in a 5¢ bag of Planters Peanuts than in dishes that cost anywhere from five to twelve times as much. That's why Planters Peanuts are called "The Nickel Lunch." They give great food value in small bulk, eat them and stay trim. Planters buys the pick of Virginia peanuts, golden nuggets of goodness, crisp and delicious, and famous for freshness.

Be sure you are buying Planters, look for "Mr. Peanut" on the glassine bag.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.
Suffolk, Va. Wilkes-Barre, Penna.
San Francisco, Calif. Toronto, Canada

To get Mr. Peanut's 32-page Paint Book for the children, send 10 empty glassine bags, or 10 wrappers from Planters Jumbo Peanut Block to

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.



At 9 feet—

HOW LOVELY!

At 3 feet—

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE TELL HER?

? . . Is the woman who has armpit odor aware of it?—NO. She can notice it in others. Others can notice it in her. She can seldom notice it in herself.

? . . . Is it safe to use an underarm deodorant? YES, *if* you use Nonspi. This deodorant contains an ingredient not found in any other, which makes it do its work better, more safely. In fact, it is the one deodorant pronounced both safe and effective by competent medical authority.

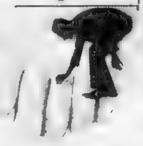
? . . . How long does one application last? 72 hours (3 days). You need to use Nonspi only twice a week to be always free from armpit odor, always free from the danger of staining costly frocks.

? . . . Can I try Nonspi? YES. Send 10¢ for a generous trial bottle, enough for two or three weeks. Or start today, get a full sized 50¢ bottle, at any drug or dept. store.

The Nonspi Co.,
Department [illegible]
[illegible]
NEW YORK.

NONSPI
THE SAFE DEODORANT
prevents perspiration

CORNS
Come Right Off



Pain Stops Instantly
This Way—Out Comes Corn

No matter how painful that corn just use SAFE FREEZONE and relief comes in a second. PAIN STOPS before you know it. Then corn gets so loose you can lift it right off. Easily, painlessly. SAFE FREEZONE keeps millions of men and women happy, free from pain free from hard and soft corns, calluses and warts. Best way known. Buy a bottle.

FREEZONE

Advertisement

THE PENALTY of GRAY HAIR

[illegible] Co. Dept. A 38, Milwaukee, Wis. Adv.

Lava Love—*by Inez Castello*

(Continued from Page 16)

denly, sat upright, his eyes wide, wonder in his stare. Apparently, till then, he did not know by whom he had been assaulted. As he realized this, his face underwent a change.

"Don Carlos . . ."

He muttered the name and gestured apologetically, like a beaten dog whimpers and fawns before the man who has thrashed him.

"Don Carlos—yes!" nodded the other, speaking very softly, very gently, very cynically. "Get up, Manoel da Costa. Get up, you foul beast, instantly!"

The other obeyed, quivering now like some huge jelly. He raised his hands before his face as if to protect himself pleadingly.

"I have done no harm, hidalgo!" he was bleating when Don Carlos cut him abruptly short.

"You know the saying, da Costa," he said in grim derision. "'To speak without thinking is to shoot without taking aim.' You spoke about me just now, when it would have been wiser of you to think whether you were safe from me or not. You are a fool, da Costa. Doubly a fool because you know quite well that I have only to raise my finger and out you go from this place, naked as a beggar. And why should that not happen?"

"Don Carlos . . . I beseech . . ."

The Portuguese was grovelling now on his knees. From the bed Adora watched. It was clear that Don Carlos had the whip-hand over this shivering mass of frightened flesh.

"Only one thing will save you, da Costa, from the fate I hold over you!" he said slowly.

"Hidalgo," begged the other, livid and quivering.

"You will forget that you have ever seen this—senor. You will be entirely dumb about—him. Open your mouth but once, and——"

"I will be silent as the grave. I swear it."

"Keep to it—on your life."

"I will. I will."

Don Carlos beckoned to Adora, a mere movement of the finger indicating that he expected her to obey his will. Meekly she followed him from the room and downstairs.

Below, outside the hotel, a car stood—that of Don Carlos. He beckoned Adora to enter it and established himself at the wheel. He said not a single word. The car rushed on through the silver night, leaving Saranoa far behind, slipping through the jungle and following the winding track which skirted the black mass of Pallarossa. And presently the house of Don Carlos came into sight.

So, humiliated and scared, Adora came back to it. Came back even willingly, because now she could see that she was indeed utterly helpless, dependent upon Don Carlos even for her safety. And that fact he impressed on her as she stood again in his house, trying to hide from him the white flesh laid bare by the lacerated shirt she was wearing.

"Just as I left a proverb with that foul fool, da Costa, so now I leave one with you, querida," she heard him saying in a gentle tone of reproof. "It is this. 'The devil you know is better than the devil of whom you know nothing.' Remember that when you think again of changing your patrons for someone else."

And here, just because she had been through so much and was, after all, womanly and weak, Adora uttered a tiny moan of misery, sinking upon the floor in an unconscious heap.

When she came to herself she was lying on the bed she had left that morning, to be dressed as a boy and hounded on to perform menial tasks. Now Don Carlos knelt beside her, and before ever she rightly recovered consciousness she was aware of his voice murmuring endearments, of his lips touching—not passionately but with reverence—her lips and cheeks and neck. Somehow she did not mind.

Yet, when he saw that she was recovering, he was suddenly cold and undemonstrative. He pressed a tiny glass of spirits to her lips and made her drink. The stimulant worked at once. She sat up and he rose to his feet.

"Now you are better!" he said, looking down at her.

"It was silly of me to go off like that!" Adora asserted.

"Not at all. There is nothing silly about weakness in a woman, although nowadays women seem to imagine they have inherited the strength of men. That is why so many women find men not attracted towards them. Why do men really love women? I will tell you. Because it is the natural instinct in man, the one desire of his heart, to protect woman."

"And—" Adora smiled wistfully—"I suppose that was why you protected me—"

"Not at all. No question of love came into that. Merely the right of possession. You were left here in my charge. Very well. I am responsible for you. It was only because I promised no harm should come to you that Diana and her husband agreed to leave you here. Well, when that Manoel da Costa plays silly games, I have to interfere.

"By the way," he added with a grim little chuckle, "I congratulate you on one accomplishment of yours. You can aim straight."

"Please . . ." Adora was somehow sincerely repentant. "I had no right to do that. I lost all sense of reason."

"But not your sense of direction!" murmured Don Carlos, adding with a little laugh: "A quality rare in women. The only time the average woman aims straight is when she is throwing a stone at another woman. You are proving to me that I was right when I fell in love with you."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Adora. "I mean—that you have fallen in love with me?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"How can I believe it?" she pleaded, wondering if even now she could sway him to free her and send her to England.

"You conspire with Nicky and Diana to keep me here in your power," she pointed out. "You burn my clothes. You dress me up like a boy. You are even brutal enough to threaten to beat me——"

"All these because I love you," he said under his breath. "Love you? If you could only conceive the profound depths of that love! I adore you. I am like the raging sea that seeks to break the harness of its tides. Yet, in a breath, I am tender to weakness because of your frail sweetness. My kisses could be breaths of sanctity or they could be like the molten lava of Pallarossa—"

"But—" Adora gestured pitifully. "I did not ask for this. I do not love you. Don't you see—?"

"I see you loving me yet," he interrupted her. "I see you in my arms, belonging utterly to me. To me, who even raised the whip to you as a threat. Because, for the first time, you have been mastered; and because forever afterwards you will be happy in that mastery. You sweet, white, lovely thing—"

For a moment it looked as though he was about to snatch her to him, but he did not do so. The blazing ardor in his eyes, the smile of infinite and worshiping tenderness on his lips—these died away. An expression of mental misery took their place. He reached out and took in his one of her small and pretty hands. He contemplated for a moment the fair delicacy of the slim fingers, and then raised them to his down-bent lips.

"I say again, querida, before I leave you for the night, that the devil you know is better than the devil of whose ways you have no knowledge," he murmured as he turned to go. "And now, this particular devil will hie himself out of the way of temptation. The key is on the inside of the door, querida mia. There is nothing to prevent you from locking yourself in."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Taming Process.

ALTHOUGH Adora did lock her bedroom door, it was more a matter of letting him know that she was taking him at his word than because she actually feared him. Back in the house of Don Carlos, and loathing him just as much, she had to recognize that he had saved her from a far more loathsome fate, the foul hands of the Portuguese, da Costa.

So bad as that Don Carlos was not. Indeed, as Adora had to confess to herself that night while undressing for bed, many women would have looked on Don Carlos as an Apollo, appealing both to their physical emotions as well as to their intelligences. But Adora suffered no physical emotions on his account, and though she admitted his intelligence, fine breeding and wit, he remained detestable to her because he had forced himself upon her.

That was perhaps the whole secret of the matter. Adora found herself humiliated and compromised by Diana and Nicky, left alone with this unwanted man, dependent upon him even for kindness, and so far he had shown her little of that. It angered her so much that even now, after he had saved her from the hands of da Costa, she felt that action to

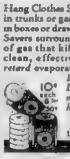
(Continued on Page 24)

MOTH-GAS

KILLS MOTHS

by direct contact

Hang Clothes Savers on hooks, hangers, in trunks or garment bags or place them in boxes or drawers. "Moth Gas" Clothes Savers surround clothes with a blanket of gas that kills moths. Convenient, clean, effective. Avoid devices that *retard* evaporation. Quick acting. *Only 10¢ each, 6 for 50¢ at Drug, Department or Housefurnishings Stores. Slightly higher in Canada.*



The Lowy Chemical Co.
Est. 1887
165 Perry St., New York, N.Y.

CLOTHES SAVERS

The glance of admiring eyes

A WOMAN lifts a tea cup to her lips with subtle feminine charm . . . and over the fragile rim discreetly notices the glance of admiring eyes. Lovely delicate hands are one index to her charms. And lovely hands, of course, necessarily mean dainty, well-kept nails.

You can keep your [illegible] neat and attractive with La Cross Cuticle Scissors. They are expertly made of high-grade steel, and cut cleanly and evenly. Can be bought at drug and department stores or wherever the La Cross display cabinet is shown. Scissors 75c to $2.25. Nail files, 10c to 45c. Tweezers, 10c to 50c. *Guaranteed to give complete and lasting satisfaction.*

SCHNEFEL BROTHERS, Inc.
Newark, N. J.

La Cross

CUTICLE SCISSORS

NAIL FILES TWEEZERS
MANICURE SETS NAIL CLIPS
(The price of this No. 312½ scissors is $1.25)

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help you solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

DOWN EAST

and Wherever You Go—
You Find
Blue Ribbon Malt

PREMIER MALT GENUINE PRODUCTS CO.
3 POUNDS
NET WEIGHT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BLUE RIBBON
MALT EXTRACT
PREMIER MALT PRODUCTS CO.
© 1931 by P M P Co.

"Look! Dot's Vot I Vant!"

Continual laboratory testing to keep its high quality always uniform has won for Blue Ribbon Malt the unwavering loyalty of millions. The leadership of America's Biggest Seller is the direct result of this nation-wide appreciation of superior and dependable quality. Packed full three pounds.

Write for Lena's Free Recipe Book for delicious foods and candies. Address: Premier Malt Sales Co., 720 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RADIO

Blue Ribbon Malt

America's Biggest Seller

THE MOST 3 THE BEST

TUNE IN —"JEST FOR FUN"—every Tuesday night—WABC New York, and C. B. S. 9:15 Eastern Std. Time. (10:15 D. S. Time)

Smart women always give their first attention to the appearance of their hair.

Gives Your Hair an Alluring Loveliness—*unobtainable by ordinary washing*

Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

SOFT, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

BESIDES—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of ... soft, rich, creamy lather ... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

Sets Hair Quickly—*Makes Finger Waving Easy*

To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora

Pat it on with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do

FOR DRY HAIR—*If your hair is inclined to be naturally dry, a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.*

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BRUCE and Marlowe, bringing their trading schooner, the Helen, into the harbor at Les Avis in the Pakahikis are worried about a concession Hackett of the Jean Marie was to have gotten from Van Kloort the resident governor. The concession would allow them to salvage a fortune in ambergris from Packu Island under the guise of pearling.

Their premonition is strengthened when they learn that the night before he sailed to meet them Hackett visited beautiful [illegible] Vincent whom the natives call the witch woman with the white hands. They fear that this alluring but evil woman has wormed the secret out of Hackett.

When another trader shows Bruce and Marlowe a piece of the Jean Marie's longboat that has obviously been smashed by an axe they are convinced he met with foul play. They suspect Julian R[illegible] of the Leopard, an unscrupulous trader who will stop at nothing where money or women are concerned.

Carol Hackett's daughter is [illegible] to put herself under the [illegible] of Mrs. Van Kloort the [illegible] other white woman besides [illegible] on the island.

Bruce [illegible] the resident and [illegible] putting [illegible] up to [illegible] the [illegible] from Hackett.

Van Kloort [illegible] by saying that he [illegible] already given the concession to Ridley. He shows Bruce [illegible] by [illegible] of [illegible] the latter's [illegible] forged.

[illegible] Ridley and Van Kloort [illegible] Bruce [illegible] Marlowe [illegible] the Helen [illegible]

[illegible] from [illegible] Hackett's [illegible] Marlowe [illegible] the Helen [illegible]

[illegible] to Carol but [illegible] Marlowe [illegible] until midnight when they heard [illegible]

Bruce [illegible] the secret from [illegible] falls for [illegible] forgetting everything. When Ridley [illegible] the Helen goes [illegible] starts out in pursuit.

Bruce experiences all the pangs of [illegible] and finds [illegible] Fairless of the Spanish Rake to [illegible] with him after the [illegible] a fourth share of the ambergris. They soon catch sight of the Leopard.

The Helen arrives at Packu and Carol and Marlowe land and find the ambergris. On their way back to the Helen they become lost in a sudden fog and after rowing about for hours bump into a boat which they think is the Helen. Carol and the ambergris are lifted aboard but before Marlowe can follow he discovers it is not the Helen and the longboat sheers off into the fog again.

[illegible] Ridley [illegible] aboard [illegible] the Helen is run down by the Leopard. A short time later Ridley's boat encounters the Spanish Rake. There is a terrible fight in which Ridley wounds Fairless with a hobi-poisoned kris. Before Bruce can revenge his friend the Leopard disappears in the fog again.

CHAPTER XXIV (Contin'd).

Into the Depths.

BRUCE laid the unconscious Fairless down and went to fetch whiskey. Mechanically he poured out a double and swallowed it [illegible] The cabin had grown unfamiliar. Even [illegible] was that of [illegible]

He became [illegible] aware of things he had never noticed: a [illegible] on a locker, a spill of [illegible] in the corner. It seemed [illegible] at once. Almost he moved to look for a cloth.

Then things swung into focus in his brain again. A seething anger against Karoro, shaking with terror. He realized that someone had been making a tremendous din and that the cabin looked as though a high wind had blown through it.

He quieted himself and went to look at Fairless. Should he give him brandy? No. What sense was there in bringing him round to endure what must be? The best thing that could happen would be that he should die then at once. But already the swift heralds of pain were pricking him into consciousness. His wavering hand stretched out feebly and found Karoro's bush of hair. The boy caught the hand in his own. Fairless winced at the pain of contact.

"Bruce."

"I'm here."

"Give me a drink. Where's Ridley? Did he—where did he get me?"

Bruce poured him out a drink. As he took the glass in his hand it slid through his fingers.

"Is the thing red-hot?" he demanded irritably. "And what am I lying on, eh?"

Bruce tried to lift him, but at the touch of his hands Fairless shouted.

"Don't touch me," he said while the sweat stood on his forehead. "What's up? Your hands are like knives on me."

Into his eyes crept a look of terror.

"Something's up. Tell me. You've got to tell me."

Bruce flung out his hands in a gesture of despair. This was the beginning. It must go on and on as the poison worked its way into the blood. No touch, no contact of any kind would Fairless be able to bear as the slow hours went by. Presently the very air itself would take on the quality of fire, until the tortured body could bear no more. But when would that be? How long would he suffer?

"Bruce!"

"I can't—it's no use—you—you—"

He walked away blindly. He came to a door and stood there, his arms against the cool wood, his head on his arms.

"You stay here, Bruce," Marlowe Said. "I'm—I'm—going on deck."

"Karoro," said Fairless, sharply.

"Oh, Fahiles, you all same bad," bleated Karoro. "You all same die bimeby. Fahiles got one fella cut in leg. Him kris make cut. Suppose him kris him put in hobi, suppose Fahiles die."

"Hobi!"

So that was it. Fairless felt as though all his blood rushed in a flood to his head and then sank back, leaving his brain flat and empty. The game was up, then, before he'd finished playing his hand. It was bad now. He could guess what it would be like presently.

"I say."

At the words Bruce lifted his head.

"I'm listening," he said dully.

"You know what it'll be like later on?"

"Yes."

"Give me my gun."

"Why?"

"Give it to me."

Bruce pulled it out and put it into the limp hand. But Fairless could not hold it. He set his teeth and tried to grasp it. But the peculiarity of hobi is that it makes the skin as tender as if the whole body had been burnt.

"I can't hold it," said Fairless.

The gun clattered to the floor. The three men stared at it as if it were alive.

"I can't stand pain," Fairless said jerkily. "Can't you use the thing on me? It would be quicker."

Bruce shook his head.

"There's an antidote, surely."

"Very likely," said Fairless.

They fell silent. There seemed nothing more to say. Fairless lay with his eyes closed. He was on the floor where Bruce had laid him. He had suffered a blanket to be rolled up and put under his head. Bruce sent Karoro away to tend Puahe the wounded Kanaka.

Left alone with Fairless, he began his watch that was to drag on for seven long hours. What could he do but watch? Fairless was beyond any help that he could give him. The restless body shifted here and there seeking comfort and finding none. He who had crammed into his days most of the sensations of life must now endure the last sensation of all. He bit his lips to choke back the cries that hovered there. "Oh, let me make a game end," he was saying in his heart. He knew that it would be hard...

It was. Presently he began to moan. He tried to stop but in vain. His arms beat at the air.

"Spit it out," Bruce implored him. "Spit it out. What does anything matter now?"

"Can't," said Fairless.

He did not cease moaning

(Continued on Page 21)

Is this too technical for you, madam?

A GENUINE Eugene permanent wave depends on more than a Eugene machine, more than a Eugene-trained operator ... *it must be given with Eugene Steam Sachets.*

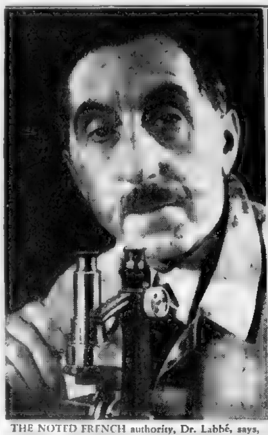
They make it possible to steam the hair—gently, but surely—under the complete control of the operator—making a successful wave not an accident but an inevitable result.

We will gladly send you our booklet and a demonstration Eugene Steam Sachet. Study it—note the Eugene trade-mark on it ... take it with you to your hairdresser and make sure that from 2 to 3 dozen Eugene sachets are used in *your* wave.

Eugene, Ltd. • • 521 Fifth Avenue • • New York City
Paris • London • Berlin • Sydney • Barcelona

EUGÈNE
permanent waves

Eminent Specialists ✣ *Find Yeast has Remarkable Effect* ✣ *Eat it daily!*



THE NOTED FRENCH authority, Dr. Labbé, says, "Yeast is entirely different from ordinary laxatives."*

X-RAYS SHOW remarkable effect of eating fresh yeast. Above, typical case of Intestinal Fatigue. Note unclean condition of intestine. Below, same intestine kept active and clean by yeast method.

© 1931, Standard Brands Incorporated

EAT FRESH YEAST just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water, or any way you prefer.

Actual X-RAYS prove fresh yeast keeps Intestines CLEAN

Read how you can actually strengthen the weakened muscles of your INTESTINAL TRACT ... keep POISONS from seeping into your system

LOOK at the picture above, in the center. It shows two actual X-ray photographs of the human intestinal tract, retouched to make them easier to understand.

Begin by examining the X-ray at the top. It reveals a bodily condition in serious need of treatment. It shows the retention of masses of undigested food waste in the intestine.

* * *

Can't you imagine what happens when this trouble is neglected? Putrefaction sets in. Poisons seep into your system, to cause headaches, complexion troubles, loss of energy, etc.

Now look at the other X-ray. It shows the very same intestinal tract *after adding fresh yeast to the regular diet!*

Note the difference. Note how contaminating particles of food residue have been cleared away, allowing undigested matter to pass through the intestine easily and regularly.

Why does yeast have this remarkable effect? Here is the answer, in the words of the great French intestinal specialist, Dr. Maurice Delort.

"The countless living yeast cells or plants," explains Dr. Delort, "... soften the contents of the intestine. They also actually strengthen the intestinal muscles, so that eventually they function normally, unaided.

"When intestines are kept clean and active this way, quantities of poisons no longer flood the system. 'Acid stomach' is corrected. Headaches and colds occur less often. The whole bodily level of resistance is raised."

* * *

So why go on dosing yourself with cathartics and pills? Turn to Fleischmann's Yeast. Correct Intestinal Fatigue with this natural *food.*

Just eat three cakes a day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Start today!

* From a lecture by Dr. Labbé on the properties of yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast ... the only kind that benefits you fully.

Eat 3 cakes a day!

UGLY HAIRS can never grow again

A *Written* Guarantee assures *permanent* removal of unwanted hair

THOUSANDS of women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the regrowth of ugly, unfeminine hair. The Koremlu Cream Method—based on the discovery of a noted French scientist removes the hair *for all time.*

Koremlu is a delightfully fragrant, quick-drying cream, applied to the skin and left on all night. The Koremlu Cream Method may be used with positive effectiveness on the face, legs, arms, and underarm.

The Koremlu Cream Method is not to be confused with temporary correctives, nor is it to be confused with any other method. The Koremlu Method gives *permanent* results. It *removes* the hairs by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, so that they are most easily lifted out. A number of applications definitely destroy the growth of hair. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for: *the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.*

Rejoice that you can now be forever rid of all unwanted hair. Send the coupon today for our booklet containing full details of the Koremlu Cream Method.

Koremlu Cream is for sale at leading department stores (ask them for booklet). If you find that you cannot get Koremlu Cream in your locality, you may order direct from us.

KOREMLU, INC., 11 W. 42d St., New York

KOREMLU
CREAM METHOD

of *permanent* hair removal

KOREMLU, INC., 11 West 42d St.,
New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me booklet (in plain envelope) giving full information about Koremlu Cream for the guaranteed removal of superfluous hair.
Name . . . .
Address 5-10-L

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking, Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and , orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

[illegible] pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and [illegible] Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 20)

through the long hours that seemed a thousand years to both of them.

Karoro came back. With the callousness of his kind he had flung overboard the dead bodies of friends and foes that lay on deck. He had patched up Puahe and recited three charms inviting the broken head to heal. Puahe now sat in the galley, dazed but more cheerful. Bruce went to look at him, threw him tobacco to chew and came back to the cabin where Fairless tossed ceaselessly. His own impotence enraged him. It seemed incredible that he must stand by and watch a man die. He took a cloth and wiped the wet face. On the neck and arms sinister shadowy marks began to show.

"Five days," came Fairless' hoarse voice. "I had a boy die after five days."

Five days. . . .

Bruce picked up the gun that had fallen from the agonized fingers—how long ago?—and held it thoughtfully. If a dog were in pain, one would kill it without a second thought. The shining thing in his hand winked under the light of the swinging lamp. It would save Fairless all the suffering that waited for him. Yet a man's life. . . .

Fairless was talking thickly. Pain had made him delirious, and he lived again some long-forgotten night whose memory lay far back in his brain.

"Mine's a double. No, you fool, Scotch. All right, Micky. No she's running down the Shamrock. What girl was that went by? Of course they're all alike, eh? Not quite. There's something about every — I loved a woman for her hands once. . . You're drunk. Yes, you are. Get out. Then I'll fling you out, you cross-eyed mutt . . . The fog's down my throat. Where's the sun?"

He went on for nearly an hour, and Bruce sat frozen with rage and pity and bitter indecision, the gun still in his hand. Karoro stole on deck, and came back, to whisper that the fog was lifting. The ship began to rock lazily and Bruce guessed at a northeast wind. Would that writhing figure never lie still?

"The sun," Fairless was saying, "the sun."

He opened his eyes. They were sunken and bloodshot, but sane.

"Take me on deck."

Bruce lifted him and he shrieked at the touch of hands. Bruce slung him over his shoulder and went up the companion like a man possessed. Karoro followed anxiously with rough brown blankets. Ah, but it didn't matter what he laid on now. Put him on silken cushions or a barrow. It was all one to that anguished body.

The dawn was at hand. The fog was melting before the sun. The swift light strode out of the east, and showed lines on Bruce's face that had not been there the night before. Fairless lay in the bows, his eyes open, his arms stretched above his head. He struggled to find ease as a man might struggle at the stake.

Bruce stood beside him and went into the depths with him. Whose fault was it? Yes, whose cursed fault was it? It was no use blaming Fanchon. No, there was no need to blame anyone in the wide world but himself. If he had not—oh what was the use? For his folly, for his lust, for his impatience, Fairless was dying. The ship rocked in the breeze. What had happened to Ridley? Had he crashed into the reef in the night. Most likely he was heading southeast for Les Aves. Yet—had he got what he had come to seek? Where was Marlowe? Where was Carol?

Bruce clapped his hands to his ears. Fairless' will had broken at last under the lash of torment. He was screaming, screaming.

Bruce tramped up and down the deck. That sound would ring in his ears till he died. All through his life the sight of dawn on a misty morning with the sun creeping up like a blood red orange would bring back the sight of that outstretched figure, those hands that beat at the air.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!"

He felt no surprise when he looked mechanically in the direction of the voice and saw Marlowe and a frantic Kanaka in the Helen's longboat. He stood gazing stupidly, answering nothing to Marlowe's hails and [illegible] without moving while Marlowe and Kahiva came aboard. He was like a sleep-walker in the [illegible]

Marlowe shook him violently.

"Are you crazy? How did you come in the Spanish Rake? What's happened to Fairless?"

He turned abruptly and strode [illegible]

"The deuce," he said. "The rest can wait. What's this?"

"Hobi," said Karoro. "Fa[illegible] him die bimeby."

"If it's hobi—" said Marlowe, and did not finish.

Poor devil! Who had used that fiendish stuff? Sometimes it took days before death came. He went and found Bruce, sitting at [illegible] head in his arms.

"He's bad," said Marlowe gravely.

They could still hear that hoarse scream that seemed as though it must tear Fairless' heart out.

"He'd be better dead," said Marlowe.

Bruce lifted a white face and showed the gun in his hand.

"I can't do it," he muttered.

Marlowe poured out whiskey for them both. He was chilled to the bone and numb with cramp after those hours in the longboat. He sat down and forced his thoughts to deal with the problem. He could let Fairless alone, leaving him to linger for hours, days, perhaps, in unspeakable pain. That the sight and sound of the man was driving Bruce insane was very plain. It's perfectly obvious that Fairless could not recover.

"I can let him alone," Marlowe said aloud, "or — "

He stood up.

"You stay here, Bruce," Marlowe said. "I'm—I'm—going on deck."

He took the gun and went up the companion.

Bruce raised his head and listened. The heavy steps overhead went on towards the bows, steps as slow and relentless as those of Death himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

Burning Suspicions.

THE Leopard hurried away through the scattering mists, her prey between her teeth. Ridley, red-eyed from lack of sleep had turned south as soon as the dawn showed promise of a fairer day. How long would it be before Fairless died? How long before Bruce came snapping at the heels of the Leopard? He wondered whether Marlowe still lived. If the longboat had survived the night, probably he would sight the Spanish Rake as soon as it was day.

Ridley swung the tiller. His heart sang in the morning wind. Success sent the blood racing more quickly through his veins. He had conquered. Carol and the treasure of the sea lay at his feet. By his own strength he had gained them. The mad wine of victory intoxicated him. The tingling sense of possession that belongs to the victor alone, swept over him. The sun cleared the mist before it, cutting great swaths of fog and showing once more the blue fields of heaven. The flying spindrift caught Ridley's hands as the Leopard sprang forward at his bidding. On, on, on towards the haven of Les Aves where Van Kloort waited, restless, impatient for his return.

At thought of Van Kloort he lifted his head and began to sing. That was the way to treat the old grumbler, to go out and win the stuff with his own hands and fling it down with an air of careless achievement while Van Kloort gaped and wondered and calculated. The thought crossed Ridley's mind that he was not

(Continued on Page 22)

"SALADA"
TEA

The Tea that comes to you
"Fresh from the Gardens"

The Ancient Art of
Foretelling the Future

Mail Coupon for FREE Booklet

Salada Tea Co.,
155 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
Please Send FREE Booklet "Cup Reading"
Name . . . .
Street and No. . . . .
City. . . . . State . . . . . .
58

"Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds"

. . . . says

Mrs. Norman Ogden Whitehouse

NEWPORT for the brilliant summer season . . . a whirl of early autumn festivities in New York, then on to Melton Mowbray, England, for the fox-hunting . . . winter in Italy or Egypt . . . spring in Paris . . . such is the gay round of this charming cosmopolitan, the much sought after Mrs. Norman Ogden Whitehouse.

To the education of a princess Mrs. Whitehouse owes subtle secrets of charm and chic. Before her marriage she was the Princess Tamara Bragation Moukrahnsky, of an ancient and illustrious family of Georgia, in Russia. The distinction of her taste is much admired. Petite and piquante, she is dark and very lovely, always perfectly dressed and exquisitely groomed.

AT the Newport Casino or as the gracious hostess of the Whitehouse villa, "Eastbourne Lodge," Mrs. Whitehouse prefers the elegance of all-white or all-black costumes. At Bailey's Beach she wears the simplest sort of sports frocks of beige or peach or jade.

She dislikes sun-tan, and always protects her clear pale ivory complexion with Pond's Vanishing Cream. "After all, what is so important as a beautiful skin!" she very truly says . . . "A fresh, fair complexion gives chic to one's simplest frock. Smooth white arms and shoulders are more precious than pearls and diamonds when one is in evening dress."

Like many other society beauties, Mrs. Whitehouse is devoted to Pond's. "No wonder fastidious women prize the four delightful preparations, and follow Pond's Method every day," she says, with her friendly smile.

"The four steps make it so easy to keep one's skin lovely! First, the pure light Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing . . . then the exceptionally absorbent Tissues to remove the cream . . . then the fragrant Skin Freshener to tone and firm and keep a lovely color glowing in one's cheeks and the delicious Vanishing Cream to give a smooth, opalescent finish."

YOU, too, know Pond's delightful beauty aids, no doubt. The Pond's Method is the sure, simple way to use them to keep your skin always fresh and clear.

1—For immaculate cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over your face and neck, several times daily, always after exposure. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes, waiting to let the fine, light oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt up to the surface.

2—With Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away all the cream, and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder. By laboratory test, these delightfully *softer* Tissues [illegible] absorbent than ordinary tissues. [illegible] peach color or white.

3—With Pond's Skin Freshener, which cannot dry your skin, briskly pat your skin until it is pleasantly aglow to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young and restore fresh lovely, natural color to faded sallow cheeks.

4—Now a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, to form a powder base, a protection [illegible] and wind—an exquisite finish. Use it on your neck, shoulders and arms—wherever you powder. It's marvelous, too, for [illegible]

At bedtime: Always cleanse your face and neck with Cold Cream and Tissues.

POND'S *four delightful beauty aids to keep your skin smooth and fine, fresh and fair*

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PRODUCTS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. T,
[illegible]
Name______________________________
Street ______________________________
City________________ State __________
Copyright, 1931, Pond's Extract Company

Tune in on Pond's every Tuesday 5 P. M. D.S.T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women. WEAF and N.B.C. Network

Isles of Desire

by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 21)

bound to return. Nothing would be simpler than to alter the course and go on to Degas, thence to Ananu and so take ship for 'Frisco and the world. For a moment he stared at a vision of himself and Carol lording it in the great cities. He wasn't bound to go back to Les Aves and share the swag with Van Kloort. Why not keep the lot?

Ah, but what would be the use? Suppose he did play the knave. Suppose he did keep the whole treasure to himself. It would mean a lot of money. Money? What was the good of that to him? It would buy things to be sure. Things? Well, clothes, food, cars, horses, women. He cared nothing what he ate, still less what he wore. Cars and horses would be poor exchange for the Leopard. As for women—well, he'd never had to buy one yet.

"I'm heading for Les Aves," he said aloud.

He knew in his heart that he wanted nothing except the satisfaction of his success. He would show Van Kloort what he had done. He had finished what he set out to accomplish. He had got away with the things he had gone to fetch. Bruce—Marlowe—Fairless—he had bested them all, left them all behind, while he sailed away victorious. He wanted to boast, to swagger up and down with great strides while Van Kloort and Fanchon listened. He would share the spoil with Van Kloort, and take his own part of the gains. What would he do with them? Drink them, gamble them away, and then go hunting for more. . . .

They said it took five days to die from hobi.

What made him think of that? The wind was rising and he called to Hoawa to take in sail. He was short-handed, having left two boys dead on the Spanish Rake. He put the boat up into the wind and took a hand at the ropes himself. Nothing that had to do with the Leopard could ever be a weariness to him. He served her as a lover serves his mistress. With the Kanakas he bent to the work, rejoicing in the smell of tarred rope, the rough feel of canvas under his hands. At last the foot of the foresail was furled and lashed, and the tack made fast. The boy who was at the tiller put the ship about and they scurried southeast again before the quickening wind.

The sun was up now, blazing in a clear sky. No sail broke the horizon, no crafty sail in hot pursuit. Ridley shouted an order to Hoawa and turned to the companion. Whistling, he ran down and put his hand to the door behind which Carol waited. A thought made him pause. She must have guessed something of what had happened on the night before. How much should he tell her? Would it lessen her resistance if he told her that Bruce was dead? He laughed as he considered exactly how much her resistance would matter. He would tell her the truth and be blamed to what effect it might have. Bruce! What did Bruce matter? By the time he'd finished with Carol, she would have no thoughts to spare for that fellow.

Five days, they said, before one died from hobi.

Impatiently he opened the door and went in.

"What has happened?" said Carol.

She looked white and tired as she sat on the table, swinging her legs to the swaying of the ship. Her eyes were large and unnaturally bright.

Ridley put his back against the door and let his eyes run over the defiant figure that confronted him. He knew the type. He knew that women like Carol are a job to conquer. Ah, but once conquered are they not the salt of life? Carol was speaking but he did not hear what she said. He was absorbed by the picture which she made. Her face was white, but her mouth was full and crimson. Her eyes were hard but her skin showed like satin where the blue shirt fell open at her throat . . .

"So Bruce wasn't aboard the Helen."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, you fixed it very nicely," retorted Ridley. "I suppose you helped to reckon it out. No, you couldn't have," he broke off suddenly. "Fairless was ahead of his time. He's not really due at Les Aves yet. You couldn't have fixed it that way."

He bent his puzzled eyes to hers.

"How did Bruce come aboard the Spanish Rake?"

"The Spanish Rake?"

"Yes. Now see here—you're going to tell me. Why didn't he sail with Marlowe?"

"I don't know."

"That's a lie. He knew what I'd do when I found the Helen had gone. He guessed exactly what would happen. I could have understood it if he'd tried to stop me from following. But he didn't. Now where was he, and why?"

She flung back her head.

"I don't know."

For answer he caught her shoulder in his great hands, crushing the soft flesh between his fingers.

"You can't get away with it, Carol. You're going to tell me right now. Why did he stay?"

The color was coming back into her cheeks. He looked intently at the troubled eyes, the lips where a sudden quiver flashed.

"You didn't want him to stay. You wanted him to sail with you and Marlowe. Well, why didn't he? What made him stay on Les Aves?"

She tried to wrench herself free but his grip held.

"Tell me. What was it? What would keep a man back from a thing like this?"

A thought flashed across his mind.

"Who was it?"

The scarlet swept over her face like a river in flood.

"Then it was someone. Eh? Can't you speak? Who was it? That fool Hendry? No. That's not likely."

He drew a bow at a venture.

"I'll bet it was a woman."

By her eyes and the sudden stillness that took her he knew he had guessed right.

"That's so, then. A woman! Huh! No wonder you've gone all peach-colored. So Bruce is the same as all the rest. Well, think of that now! A Kanaka girl can make a man forget a whole lot of things, Carol, but I shouldn't have thought it would make him forget you."

She said nothing. She leaned against the table at his mercy, her heart aflutter like a caged thing. How could she hold him off when the struggle should begin? What had happened to Marlowe by this time, and what was Bruce doing on the Spanish Rake? And Fairless—why had Ridley made no mention of him?

"You've got lovely hands," Ridley said irrelevantly. His own slid to her elbows, holding them locked and helpless. "Bruce must have been a fool. He's not much for the ladies as a rule—especially with the Kanaka girls. Who was it, eh? Moana that lives at the end of the village?"

He lifted her hand to his lips, marking how her breath came short and sharp at the caress. Not yet, not yet, said his brain to his hungry hands. Wait a bit. She's fierce now. She's full of fight. By and by she'll be tame. But the nearness of that taut body intoxicated him. With a swift movement he had her in his arms. She struck at him and he felt the shrewd blows as little as he would have felt a skein of silk. He bent his head until he found her throat, her lips. He had her arms pinioned now. No more could she fight against him with those clenched fists. He felt her young untouched body against his own. Oh, let her fight and struggle now, and later on, pray, if she cared. None of it mattered. She could not escape him. A wild exultation seized him.

"Better keep still," he said to her. "You'll not get away, Carol."

"Let me go."

He laughed at that.

"Why? Do you think I'm going to get sentimental over your youth and purity and all that? That doesn't happen outside books, my dear."

"Let me go, Ridley."

"I never let go till I get what I want. Why are you wearing this rag?"

His hand pulled at the blue shirt.

"Whose is it? Bruce's? I thought so. And if it was Bruce you wouldn't be so ready with your, 'Let go.' Hey?"

His dark face bent over her. His black hair touched her own. She was a wisp before his strength. The little courage she had hoarded up crumbled away.

"Marlowe! Marlowe!"

"No good," said Ridley. "We'll see him and Bruce heeling after us pretty soon, but he's not near enough yet. Besides, Bruce doesn't want you. If he had, he wouldn't have stayed on Les Aves, would he? The fool! To let any woman on Les Aves—"

He stopped. A thought born of his own idle words crashed across his brain. Any woman on Les Aves . . .

"Carol."

His voice had changed. It was loud, authoritative.

"You know who kept him there?"

"Yes," said Carol faintly.

(Continued on Page 23)

Now... A New Way to SLENDERIZE YOUR FIGURE!

Style—Health

At last a really scientific way to slenderize any figure! This marvelous figure control re-creates your form. Makes you look remarkably slim and attractive in the latest flattering styles. In addition KATHERINE-K provides surprising comfort and freedom of movement essential to health. It is correctly built to support the figure without clumsy weight or uncomfortable construction.

Amazing New Figure Control

Whether you're tall or short, over-developed or extremely thin or "just right"—KATHERINE-K makes your figure look its best. Makes you look pounds lighter and years younger. Combines brassiere, corset, diaphragm reducer and abdominal belt in one. Made adjustable. 14 lovely models, every size from 30 to 66—in beautiful durable materials.

Get Free Booklet

Listed below are a few of the KATHERINE-K branches ready to serve you without obligation. If convenient, step in to your nearest place today for a private free demonstration. Or write at once for literature describing this remarkable new figure control and illustrating the various models.

Kellogg Corset Co., Dept. E-150, Jackson, Michigan

Albany, New York, 32 North Pearl Street
Atlanta, Georgia, 482 Peachtree Arcade
Chicago, Illinois, 808-10 Venetian Building
Detroit, Michigan, 115 East Grand River
Omaha, Nebr., 540 First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 506 Pittsburgh Life Bldg.
Syracuse, New York, 414 Seitz Building
Washington, D. C., 427 Homer Building

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin aglow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent

TOO BAD HE CAN'T DICTATE IN HIS BATHTUB
he's a

12-Minute Man

DICTATE in a bathtub? . . . what a fool idea! He just finished a bath before coming to the office. Why should he take another—so soon?

His secretary knows why—perspiration odor! The truth is—*a bath protects only 12 minutes!* After 12 minutes, pores are again secreting odor-causing wastes. After 12 minutes, we may offend.

How risky then to trust to bathing alone. How vital to adopt another precaution. And how easily we can do it—with Amolin, the *powder* deodorant. Just dust it on—after every bath—and keep safe!

Soft! Cool! Lastingly effective!

. . . Amolin has won favor with men and women everywhere because it's quicker, pleasanter to use. No waiting for anything to dry. No danger of Amolin's irritating the skin or eating away clothing. No fear of its sealing delicate pores. Pat Amolin on—that's all. Under the arms. Over the body. Safely, Amolin neutralizes odors, keeps you fresh!

As a quick freshener, too, when a bath isn't possible, Amolin is great! At all druggists—only 35c and 60c. Ask for Amolin to-day.

Foot Sufferers—Good News!

For itchy toes—tired, aching, burning feet—nothing beats Amolin! Try it!

Amolin

The powder deodorant that brings lasting protection from body odors

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!
Norwich
THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., Dept. A Norwich, N.Y
(In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto)
Amolin sounds good to me. I enclose 10c for a generous trial container.
Name____________________
Street____________________
City________________ State________
(Print name and address) A W 3-10-31

Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough, Pimply Skin?

THEN USE

CUTICURA

And Have A Clear Skin!

Anoint the affected parts with **Cuticura Ointment**. Wash off in a few minutes with **Cuticura Soap** and hot water and continue bathing. Pimples, rashes and nearly all forms of skin troubles yield to this treatment.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

SUNSHINE MELLOWS
Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

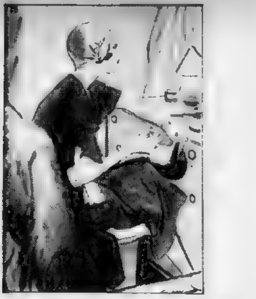
The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply, take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

© 1931, The American Tobacco Co., Mfrs.



A minute alone... and MUM

THAT'S ALL YOU NEED FOR COMPLETE PROTECTION

THE old days when women thought that frequent bathing and a dash of perfume or talcum was protection against underarm perspiration odor, are gone forever.

And how glad women are! What a comfort it is to know that you can carry real insurance against this meanest of Nature's tricks.

Mum! A minute alone, any time, anywhere, and you're safe from that odor which always marks one as—well, at least insensitive to the nicer refinements.

That's why Mum is such a joy! You can use it while you're dressing. No fussing, no waiting for it to dry.

There's nothing in Mum that can possibly injure fabrics. And there's nothing in it that irritates the skin—even a sensitive skin. You can shave, put on Mum at once and never a smart or burn!

Another thing—you know how odors cling to your hands when you prepare onions or fish for dinner, or when you have to sponge a spot with gasoline. Mum rubbed on the hands kills every lingering trace of odor instantly!

Carry Mum in your purse with your compact. Have underarm niceness always at hand. You can get Mum at all toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg Co Inc 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address, Windsor, Ont.

SANITARY NAPKIN USE. You will be grateful to know that Mum on the sanitary napkin gives complete protection.

"Just listen to that baby next door!"

"Oooh, do you hear that?"

"It's the baby next door. Crying and carrying on . . . such a noise!"

"It's simply a shame! I'm going to get right off this chair and get dressed and go help him."

"You mean to say you know what he's crying about?"

"Of course. That's exactly how I felt when I was all chafed and cross. They're using the wrong kind of powder, that's what! Just wait 'til that baby feels our kind of powder come cuddling close! It's softer and finer than any he's ever met, I know!"

"Um'm, won't he love it? Come on, let's go! We'll make that cry-baby chuckle and crow!"

• • •

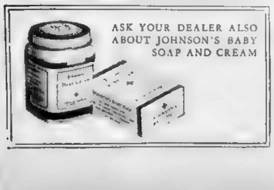
Make this thumb-and-finger test! It will show you an important difference in baby powders!... Try this. Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger—then do the same with other baby powders. Your sense of touch will show you an important difference which the chemist sees under a microscope.

Johnson's Baby Powder is velvety soft and smooth—*superlatively* fine! That's because it is made from finest Italian talc, which is composed of soft, tiny flakes. *But*—the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles. You wouldn't want them next your baby's skin! Another important thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no stearate of zinc.* Decide wisely!

FREE SAMPLES! Let us send you a generous free sample of Johnson's Baby Powder. With it we will include a free sample of Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream, which are also important to a baby's comfort. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. W-3, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS, "Z O" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.



ASK YOUR DEALER ALSO
ABOUT JOHNSON'S BABY
SOAP AND CREAM

Johnson's Baby Powder

Isles of Desire by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 22)

"Was it Fanchon?"

"Yes."

He flung her aside, so that she stumbled and slid in a heap to the floor. But he had no thought for her now.

So it was Fanchon's work. His instinct that treachery was afoot had been true. He remembered Fanchon's message and his answer. It had been plain. Bruce was not to be kept. And she had kept him. Why? Why? Oh, what need to ask, what need to imagine her with Van Kloort, plotting against him, planning to aid his enemy? They had meant it so. They had meant that Marlowe should go and that Bruce should stay, to follow [illegible] and [illegible] in any ship that he could steal or borrow. They had planned it well, he told himself. They had known how to turn Bruce's smouldering rage into open rage. They had set a tiger on Ridley's track, a tiger that should—

He began pacing up and down the cabin, heedless of Carol. So that was how things stood. Behind him hurried the avenger, before him waited the traitor. By heaven, he'd be even with the lot of them. Next time he and Marlowe met, one of them would drop where he stood. But before he took the chances of that battle, he would settle with the two who had betrayed him—Van Kloort, with his oily assurance, Fanchon, with her still watchful eyes. Van Kloort was cunning, his handling of the Kanaka mob showed that. But let them look out. Yes, let them look out.

Mingled with his rage was the fierce jealousy that stung him every time he heard the name of a lover of Fanchon. It was useless to cheat himself any longer, useless to insist that he and Fanchon were business partners, cold, [illegible] in their relations—[illegible]. Lies, all lies to bolster up his sick pride. There in the cabin he faced the truth. He knew that he would fling into the hazard all he possessed for Fanchon's love.

He strode out of the cabin. Carol heard restless feet on deck. She stood up and pushed the hair out of her eyes. For the moment danger had passed. Yet she felt like a dweller on the slopes of a volcano. How soon would the next time come? How long would her strength last out? Ridley had said that the Spanish Rake would soon be hurtling along with Bruce aboard. Perhaps even now the scarlet sails were showing on the dim horizon. She pushed at the door. No, it was not locked this time. She went up the companion into the sunlight.

High above her the canvas bellied in the wind. The ship was swaying dangerously. Ridley was steering. His face was set in a sullen mask and he made no sign, although she knew that he had seen her. She felt safer up here in the sun and the wind.

Ridley shouted to the look-out. The boy's answering cry swept down on the wind.

"No see, Rideli."

Carol knew what he meant. She knew the reason of the look on Ridley's face, the meaning of the amount of sail that set the Leopard rolling in her gait. He was striving to gain time, urging the ship forward to throw off the pursuit which must have begun hours ago. It was nearly noon. The sun stood high. Who could say what might befall them all before night?

"Oh, Ratel!"

"Well?"

"Panita Rayek, Rideli. Him come all same quick."

Was Fairless alive still? Ridley wondered as he bent over the tiller. Alive? Yes, it took five days to die. Fairless be blamed, anyway. He was out of things now. He didn't count any more. It was Bruce now. Bruce and Marlowe who pursued the Leopard, with rage in their hearts.

Ridley looked at Carol. He had her safe, safe as the precious ambergris that lay in the hold. What if Bruce came up with them? He'd stretch the fellow cold, yes, stretch him cold on deck and smash his face in. There would be time enough for Carol when that was over. Victory—yes, and after victory, the spoil.

He set his face towards Les Aves. What should he do when the Leopard cast anchor in harbor? How should he meet those two who had leagued themselves with the enemy? His thoughts went spinning round like squirrels on their treadmill. Should he heave to and wait for the Spanish Rake?

The Leopard carried a gun. It would be better than this nerve-racking chase in which he was the hare. A sea-fight, a running fight.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Clear For Action

IT was Marlowe who sewed up in a sheet the thing that had once been Fairless. It was Marlowe who helped Kahiva to sling the weighted burden overboard. Bruce sat at the tiller like some mad thing about to leap. In his eyes was the look of a man not quite sane. With the lifting of the mist they had set off to the southeast coursing the hare that was Ridley.

Marlowe went below and put his head in a bucket of water. He mixed himself a stiff peg and combed his hair. Then he went on deck. He dared not leave Bruce alone for long.

"Wind's freshening."

"Yes."

"Fairless is gone."

Bruce looked away.

"What's happened? That crash—Carol—and the stuff?"

"He's got 'em both," said Marlowe bitterly. "Blast his eyes, he never lets go till he's got what he wants. It was this way."

Bruce sat silent till the tale was told.

"Why didn't you go after her?" he said at last.

"Go after her?" spluttered the aggrieved Marlowe. "Well, blow me, haven't I told you how Kahiva yanked me back? Next minute the boat was gone. And if I had gone aboard, do you suppose I wouldn't have got a red welcome? Ay, I'll bet Ridley stood by with a knife waiting for me."

"I'll pay him yet."

"You wait till you get the chance," retorted Marlowe with rising anger. "If you hadn't been such a blasted fool, we'd none of us have got into this mess."

At the look on Bruce's face he stopped.

"All right," he said gruffly. "Guess you're paying for all that right now... But so is Carol."

He watched the white face flush.

"That hit you? Then you do care about—about what most likely is happening to her?"

Care? At the picture that Marlowe's words painted for him Bruce turned sick. Carol! When had he started to care for that wild slip of a girl? He groped backwards in his mind, searching through the chaos of the past week. Oh, what did it matter? He had thought he knew what love was. Were all his adventures with women false? He had known passion and lust and the stark bitterness of satiated desire, and called them what they were not. Rarely had he denied his imperious body anything which it craved. He had kissed and sailed away, to return after many months and be forgiven. He knew women and the havoc they can play with a man. But this pain that tore at his heart at thought of Carol—was this love? Had the gods cheated him, blinded him through the years, to open his eyes too late?

Marlowe was shouting to the boys to shorten sail. The Spanish Rake 'bucketed through the waves, rolling as she went, so that the combers set the decks awash with smooth green water. They were passing out of the cross-surges now, heading for the great stretch of sea where they must hunt the Leopard. Marlowe staggered a little in his walk. Bruce saw it.

"Go and turn in for a bit."

"I'm all right," protested Marlowe.

"Do what I say," Bruce stormed at him. "You needn't look at me like that. I know what you think. You've got it fixed in your addled mind that I'm crazy. Forget it. I'm as right as you are. I've been mad, a mad fool. Well, I'm going to try to level things up. See?"

It was the nearest thing to an apology that Bruce ever made. Marlowe clapped him between the shoulders and went below without a word. He found a bunk with tumbled blankets at its foot. Sleepily he struggled to straighten them but they slid out of his hand. He rolled into the bunk and dragged his legs in after him. There he lay, drawing long exhausted breaths. What lay behind that day could not be helped. What lay ahead could be dealt with when it happened.

"I had to do it," he said aloud. "Fairless, you don't bear me any grudge, do you?"

Straightway he plunged into sleep.

When he awoke it was past midnight. Like a dog he yawned and shook himself. The pad of bare feet sounded and Puaki's mop of hair appeared.

"Oh, Marilu, come quick. Biruti he say can see him Lipard."

"Leopard?"

"So, Marilu, him Lipard."

They raced on deck. Bruce was aloft, the glass in his hand. The wind blew his hair about his face, and he tossed his head impatiently.

"Is she in sight?" shouted Marlowe from below.

"It's the Leopard all right," Bruce called back. "She's going like the deuce. Reckon Ridley known his number's up."

(Continued on Page 25)

Genuine MAYBELLINE PREPARATIONS

for ALLURING EYES instantly

If you would have alluring eyes . . . eyes that plainly speak the loveliness of your beauty, but that do not even whisper the means taken to accentuate them . . . use *genuine* Maybelline preparations. Only they, can transform eyes into bewitching pools—without revealing the secret. That's why millions of lovely women have insisted upon the genuine for over fifteen years.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will make your lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, instantly. May be had in solid or waterproof liquid forms—75c

Maybelline Eye Shadow in four delicate, subtle shades—Blue, Brown, Black, Green—will greatly enhance the beauty, brilliance and expression of your eyes—[illegible]

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, a clean, indestructible pencil that doesn't crumble, will form and give your brows the finishing touch. Black or Brown—[illegible]

Insist upon genuine, harmless MAYBELLINE preparations at all Drug and Dept. stores.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Maybelline

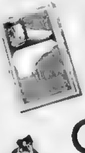
"It May Be Extravagant —but I just can't walk another block"

She never guessed that ordinary shoes that "FEEL" comfortable could cause killing fatigue

POUND, pound, pound . . . go the delicate nerves and muscle tissues of the foot on the rigid steel plates in the arches of ordinary "comfortable feeling" shoes. No wonder you're tired and irritable by the end of the day. You may not be conscious of pains in your feet, for Nature toughens feet to withstand such abuse.

But the tragic result is the all-over weariness, the nerve shattering fatigue that just about wrecks you. Dull aches in thighs and back, caused by improperly designed shoes that throw the body structure out of line.

Slip on a pair of FLEXIBLE ARCH Cantilever Shoes and feel the new buoyancy and walking comfort they give. No longer do you overtax weak muscles, or allow strong muscles to weaken with disuse. No longer the nervous tension of tortured ligaments...the strain from rigid, foot-shackling steel plates. The new Cantilever models with the FLEXIBLE ARCH are now ready. A Cantilever shop, where you receive an accurate fitting, is near you.



FREE! *Write for free* illustrated booklet that tells everything about the care of the feet and how to have complete freedom from fatigue. Address: Cantilever Sales Corporation, 2016 North 4th Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

In Canada Cantilever Shoes are made by Cantilever Shoe Co. Ltd

MEREDITH
Black Calf 7193
Brown Calf 6193

Cantilever Shoes

Comfort for the Entire Family

The Cantilever store wherever it may be is Comfort Headquarters.

DA...DA...DA

. . . CERTAINLY, Mother understands this kind of baby talk. It is the little darling's inarticulate way of expressing happiness and saying: "I am bathed and powdered with Vivaudou MAVIS Talcum. I glow all over. Feel simply grand. Vivaudou Mavis is so fine and gentle to my skin. All the acid-sore spots and that miserable chafed feeling are gone." Vivaudou MAVIS is of the purest Italian Talc. It is milled so fine, it is almost impalpable to the touch . . . So fine, it is light as a fragrant breath on the tenderest skin.

V. VIVAUDOU, Inc.

Los Angeles . . . Paris . . . New York . . . Chicago . . . Toronto

VIVAUDOU MAVIS TALCUM

DOROTHY MACKAILL Enjoys the Beauty and Comfort of her VITA·TONIC WAVE

DOROTHY MACKAILL, whose soft, lustrous wavy hair is the subject of much admiration and not a little envy, says: "The secret of keeping my hair soft and wavy and naturally beautiful is my Frederics Vita Tonic Permanent Wave. I feel especially safe in recommending the Frederics Vita Tonic Process because I know it will not harm the delicate shade and texture of my hair".

Soft, lustrous, wavy hair—the alluring beauty you've longed for, can be yours if you demand a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave. We will gladly send you a free Vita Tonic Wrapper to take with you when going for your Permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your Hairdresser—assure yourself of getting a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave. At the same time we will send you an interesting booklet on the care of your wave and a complete list of Hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Waves. Write Dept. 301, E. Fredericks, Inc., 235-247 East 45th St., New York, N.Y.

LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER
Do not permit your Hairdresser to use cheap, inferior wrappers on your hair. They leave the hair in a harsh, dry and strawy condition. Don't accept such statements as "just as good" or "better" —insist on a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave.

Frederics VITA·TONIC WAVES

EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology.

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 18)

be a further wound to her pride

She slept peacefully enough at last, though disturbed at times by very natural dreams, in which both the Portuguese and Don Carlos figured. The end of one dream was so startlingly vivid and so humiliating that, when she was awakened by the sound of Don Carlos' voice at her door, she believed that she was still dreaming and that he was with her. She sprang from her bed in the next moment, however, realizing her mistake, thankful that she had only been dreaming. She colored with a feeling of humiliation as she approached the locked door and called to him:

"What is it?"

"Time you were up, Alfonso."

She called back to him that she was about to dress, and the sound of his footsteps died away. She turned to the little heap of boy's clothes, which still were all she had to wear. They seemed to mock her. They reminded her—especially the torn shirt, to repair which she had no needle—of last night and her escape. At least here she was comparatively safe, she reminded herself

A safety-pin, fortunately discovered on the mat covered floor, held the shirt front together sufficiently for the moment. And presently she was ready to join him, trying not to think too badly of him, wondering what this day was to bring forth and how the whole dreadful business was to end. First, she supposed as she passed out into the living room, she must perform her tasks of cook and drudge

It was therefore a pleasant surprise which met her eyes when she saw that the breakfast table was laid and the food was ready for eating. Don Carlos, seeing her surprise, explained with a cynical smile

"I have decided, Alfonso," he said, "that you are too utterly bad a cook to be entrusted with our culinary arrangements, so I am compelled to perform the task myself sooner than either be poisoned or starve"

A consciousness that, for a woman, she ought to be ashamed of such domestic ignorance brought a rich color to her cheek. She hated now the fact that this man could boast—and prove—himself her superior in what really was a woman's sphere

"I have no doubt I should soon learn quite easily all there was to do," she said coldly. "It was not altogether my fault that I was not brought up in a kitchen."

"Oh, quite! All the same, Alfonso—"

"Isn't this Alfonso business rather ridiculous, Don Carlos?" she interrupted him petulantly, almost angrily. "I mean . . . It is such a perfectly silly pretense You know I am a woman and not a boy- "

"Of course. But, as I explained yesterday before you ran away from me so foolishly, I had felt it best for both of us if we forget the fact"

"I can't. I feel miserable, horrible in these awful clothes They are such a farce "

"Not exactly," he interrupted her sternly in turn. "Have you thought of your reputation? Supposing you were here in my house, dressed in your woman's clothes, and anyone turned up to see me? How am I to explain you without leaving any suspicion in their mind? People in this world, and especially in this part of it, are not inclined to be charitable where a beautiful woman and a man—whom they know to be single—are living together."

"One cannot help that!" shrugged Adora, adding with cutting irony. "The real remedy is in your hands, Don Carlos. You can help me get back to England."

"So I could. But we have discussed that proposal before. I have so far no such intention. I see no good purpose in it. Poor and alone in the world, deserted even by your only friend, Diana Armstrong, you could only land in England to suffer perhaps untold privations and miseries"

"I am ready to risk that—"

"But I am not. No. I have too much interest in you to think of such a thing. Also, you were left most callously in my care. As an honorable man I must carry out the trust. I want to do it to the happiness of us both. Remember, I offered you marriage. You have refused it. Well, you may yet change your mind You are somewhat like the Katherine of your poet, Shakespeare Benedict set himself to tame Katherine Why should I not tame you?"

"Because I will not be tamed!" flashed Adora, while Carlos laughed softly

"We shall see. Meantime, on this matter of our little comedy about Alfonso. In a way, you are right. The comedy is too thin. Even the Portuguese saw through it. And that is a source of danger. Da Costa has good reason to be afraid of me, and he will not interfere with you again, I imagine. But meantime he has a vicious tongue. He knows that you are a woman, and that you are staying here. We shall have to do something about it."

He rose from the table, lit a cheroot and offered Adora a cigarette which she refused. He looked down at her quizzically

"By the way," he said, "you have not as yet said one word of thanks to me for my fortunate intervention last night in the matter of da Costa."

"Of course I was very glad of it'" she admitted grudgingly.

"You may well have been that And, after dealing me the nasty smack on the head with which you left me, the wonder is that I arrived in time. But my head is thick and my heart is strong I take a deal of killing "

"I never meant to do that!" Adora interrupted passionately "You must have known as much I was desperate, driven by you to any extremes to get away, hardly thinking what I did."

"Quite. If you had thought about it also, you must have realized I should anticipate where you would go if you reached Saranoa. Da Costa's hotel was the only place you knew. And, on the occasion when we all lunched there the other day, I had seen him watching you, how he could scarcely keep his eyes off you

"See, what a fatal thing is such beauty!" Don Carlos added gibingly. "It either softens the the wits of men—such as Nicky Armstrong, who foolishly forgot his wife for you—or brutalizes such as da Costa, already an animal. And as for me—well, it hardens without brutalizing me It hardens me into a positive intention of making your beauty my possession—"

"Never Never. . . ."

Adora shook her golden head emphatically. Carlos took up his sombrero, and laughed softly

"We shall see. Already the taming process goes well. While you are still Alfonso I can talk to you about that lovely Adora whom I desire"

"I will not listen . "

Adora covered her little ears with pink palms. Don Carlos shrugged

"Very well I will not talk. Actions after all as your English proverb says—are better than words. For the rest of the day I will leave you to your own thoughts I have business in Saranoa Meanwhile, in my absence, be advised and do not go far into the jungle. You would be wise indeed not to leave the house"

He said that in a way which prompted Adora to disobey him if she felt so inclined. Meantime, he had turned and stepped out onto the veranda. She heard him start his car and drive off. Something, even against her will, prompted her to step out into the sunshine and gaze after him. He did not look back, but vanished with his car in a cloud of dust round a bend in the track

So she was left alone, and at first she was glad. She felt a different person when freed from his presence Why, she could not say. It seemed as if, when he was with her, he had begun to have a magnetic effect upon her. She hated him as thoroughly as ever, and yet there was something about him which had commenced to appeal to her

She was ashamed at the thought, because it suggested a weakening already on her part And his talk of a taming process stiffened her. She realized that she must not for a moment allow any domination on his part over her will. And yet—she asked herself as she moved about the house—how was it to end?

He would not send her back to England and, without his help, it seemed that she could not get there. Unless therefore, she finally did persuade him in that direction, or someone else came on the scene who would do so, she must remain here to be tortured by him

Meanwhile, to divert her thoughts and occupy her time, she began to devote herself to tidying up her room, and then to clearing away the breakfast things and seeing to the house generally. Today these unaccustomed and menial tasks did not humiliate her or seem offensive. Not driven to them, she found them pleasant enough as a distraction. Also, with Don Carlos out of the way for some time, she had this opportunity to satisfy her womanly curiosity by thoroughly examining the house for the first time

Most of all, she was able to invade his bedroom, in which also he seemed to do his writing, for a handsome bureau stood there open, littered with papers. She did not examine these, but she saw that they were of a business nature. On the walls of the room were some large framed photographs of scenes in some southern country. Adora rather imagined they were scenes in Spain

There was an austerity about the room, and an untidiness which suggested the bachelor as regards the last, but somehow—in regard to the first—did not seem quite like the picturesque Don Carlos. Her own room and the rest of the house were far more luxuriously furnished. All the same, as she moved about the room, removing the untidiness, the presence of Don Carlos did still assert itself.

After a moment of hesitation, the color risen to her cheeks, Adora moved to the tumbled and unmade bed, her nimble fingers preparing it afresh for the forthcoming night. She did this, partly mutinous yet partly from a sense of duty; but all the while the most riotous thoughts raced through her mind. A feeling of panic seized upon her, and her whole body seemed to burn with a fever.

The bed made, she hurried from the room. Was the domination of Don Carlos going to be stronger than she had imagined, she asked herself? If not, why these strange thoughts and desires which were creeping, with the soft feet of Judas through the cores of her being, threatening to betray her into weakness?

She went out into the open and looked up at Pallarossa's black mass, where—as the legend had it—the goddess slept in her chains. Pallarossa, the home of lava Lava, which Don Carlos had said existed in humans as well as volcanos. Adora, with her heated body and her disturbed mind, felt volcanic herself. Alone, she could not escape from her thoughts, and these—despite her wishes—had begun to picture Don Carlos, the master, the tamer

And now, alone amid the almost unbroken silence of the jungle, she wished him back Yet, with ferocity, she fought against the desire She passed on into the garden occupying herself by picking bunches of tropical blooms of wonderful hues. The house needed them, she told herself, arranging them presently with much natural delight and woman's artistry in what bowls and vases she could find about the house.

The result pleased her. It reminded her somewhat of those far-off days in her lovely English home when she had been wealthy. There she had arranged the flowers, the sweet English roses, the chrysanthemums, the primroses of Spring and the violets. They were simpler blooms than these, with far more fragrance. And perhaps she would never see them or England again

Unless she could persuade Don

(Continued on Page 25)

Don't lose out on admiration!

A girl may have the clothes of a Swanson, the features of a Garbo—they will do her no good so long as the poisons that collect in the system are allowed to remain there. For her appeal—like *every* girl's—depends upon internal cleanliness.

When internal poisons cloud the skin, dull the eyes, drag down the spirits, kill charm—then all beauty treatments in the world will fail

Be clean internally, then. The saline treatment with Sal Hepatica makes it an easy matter

What the Continental springs do for wealthy Europeans, Sal Hepatica can do for you at home. For Sal Hepatica is the practical American equivalent of the famous European waters. Like them, it clears the bloodstream, gets rid of the poisons that keep you from being good-looking, clear-eyed, alluring.

Start with Sal Hepatica today.

Salines for the Stout
Dependable salines like Sal Hepatica are an almost indispensable aid in the reducing diet Unlike many laxatives, they never have the tendency to make their users stout. In fact, the best medical opinion here and abroad highly commends them to those who are reducing.

Sal Hepatica

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Dull, Faded Hair... Streaked with Gray *is due to*——

LAZY GLANDS

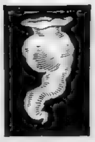
Don't have dull, faded hair, or ugly streaks of gray! There *is* a remedy. No woman under 50 need have a gray hair in her head! Her scalp still has pigment cells. Those cells are still full of color. But that color can't reach the hair if your glands are inactive.

Stimulate those lazy glands and watch those faded locks revive!

Thousands of women have actually stimulated gray hair back to its natural color. The number would be millions if more women only knew the truth if so many had not been fooled in matters concerning the hair. Gland stimulation is the solution of just about every hair and scalp trouble we have! Yes, it makes hair grow—as you will soon discover.

If your hair is off-color or under-nourished, or your scalp is full of pore filth and there is dandruff, start gland stimulation tonight. All you need is your fingers, and some Danderine. Only massage will wake up the glands, and only a penetrant like Danderine will get through to the subcutaneous glands. The very first treatment will end all dandruff, but keep on with Danderine until you have promoted vigorous coloring and growth. As the hair grows, the gray will go. You'll soon have proof if you watch the color of your hair close to the roots!

Remember, though, it's thorough massage that does it, and Danderine that gets through to the glands. Just rubbing anything on the head won't do the work. Get your bottle of Danderine today. It's a medicine for sick scalps. The smallest bottle is enough to show results which will surprise you.



WHEN lazy glands won't open, the hair is starved and faded.
WHEN lazy glands don't close, scalp is fouled by secretion.

DANDERINE

35¢

IT CAN'T MAKE LASHES BRITTLE

In justice to your eyes—take care of your lashes. Color is more brilliant against black. Just so do eyes assume new brilliance and beauty when your lashes have a touch of darkness.—But, of course, your lashes must look *natural*. They must stay soft and silky . . .

The new Winx gives you just that: lashes which look long, soft and appealing. Its Double Treatment not only darkens lashes; it also softens them. Coarse and brittle lashes are *impossible* with Winx . . . Try it? Send 10c for Vanity Size (enough for a month's use.)

WINX

Ross Company, Dept. A-8,
243 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.
Black________Brown________
Name____________________
Address____________________

FRECKLES

Remove The Ugly Mask And Be Beautiful

Now you can prove in the privacy of your home that freckles are only a mask that can be quickly and safely removed. And once the homely, rusty-brown spots have disappeared, your complexion will stand revealed in all its natural fairness and silken softness.

What your complexion needs is Othine-double strength. After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you should see that even the worst freckles are disappearing, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It seldom takes more than an ounce jar of Othine to fade out those ugly blemishes and restore the natural beauty of your skin.

Be sure to ask for Othine-double strength at any drug or department store. Money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and leave your complexion soft, clear and beautiful.

OTHINE DOUBLE STRENGTH

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.

"I think this modern yeast is DELICIOUS!"

Yeast Foam Tablets set new standards for purity, pleasant taste, and beneficial effects

Gone for good—all the old objections to yeast! For NOW you can get it in a form you'll find not only agreeable and convenient, but actually delicious—*Yeast Foam Tablets.*

This yeast is pure yeast—and nothing *but* yeast. And pure yeast, such as this, is the richest known natural food source of the essential Vitamins —"B" and "G".

Yeast Foam Tablets are easy and pleasant to swallow—or as most people prefer, to chew like candy. Yeast Foam Tablets are dehydrated and sterilized, which means (1) they keep indefinitely without loss of potency and (2) they can not cause gas or fermentation. They are the ONLY yeast SAFE for all ages: from tiny infants to the elderly.

By reason of purity, uniformity and potency, this yeast has become the standard for Vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government and leading American universities.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets, the *modern* yeast, for skin and complexion disorders, digestive and intestinal disturbances, underweight, run down and nervous conditions. Ten day bottle costs but 50 cts. at your drug store. This yeast made and guaranteed by The World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast, the Northwestern Yeast Company, Chicago.

ON THE AIR

Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00, *Eastern Daylight Saving Time*, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ Blue Network Stations and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

Northwestern Yeast Co.
1750 North Ashland Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.
A
Name____________________
Address____________________

Lava Love—by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 24)

Carlos. She thought wistfully of England, picturing afresh the home scenes of her childhood, the social triumphs and gay life of her coming out year in London where the season was in full swing. And here she was, trapped in this hard and brilliant tropic country, with the way back barred to her. Unless she could persuade Don Carlos, she told herself again.

And thinking this, obsessed by the silence and loneliness of her surroundings, she had wandered away from the house so far that, when she came to realize the fact, she feared she had lost her way. She was surrounded by dense jungle, and stood at what appeared to be the meeting of three separate tracks.

Also, increasing her sense of panic, the slither of snakes through the undergrowth, the gleaming scales of one becoming visible in coils within a few feet of her, sent her running away down one of the tracks in the hope of quickly making the house again. For long she ran, panting and breathless now, expecting with every moment to come in sight of the garden and house in the big clearing where they stood.

When, after what seemed an interminable period, she did so, she was both frightened and grateful. The sun's heat—it was now afternoon—was intolerable, and she was wet with it. And the fear of the jungle life, the sounds of it seeming to pursue her, had made her little face deathly white.

Gasping, she reached the shade of the veranda to find that Don Carlos had returned, and somehow a thrill of thanks ran through her.

"I thought I was quite lost!" she told him breathlessly. He frowned down at her.

"Did I not warn you, Alfonso, against going too far into the jungle, or indeed going out at all?" he asked.

"I was so horribly lonely—" she had to confess.

"Ah. . . ."

He smiled and led the way into the living room with its blaze of blooms.

"And meantime," he remarked, "I see that you have been busy all over the house. I went everywhere in search of you. I see this house as I have never seen it before. No, Alfonso, it will never do. It is all wrong."

"All wrong?" she stared at him, somehow a little disappointed, having expected him to praise her. And then she tossed her golden head proudly.

"A man's idea of a house is naturally different to that of a woman," she said.

"Exactly. Look around you, Alfonso. Don't you realize what I mean? Anyone coming in here would see at once that a woman had attended to this room, that indeed a woman was in this house. Something must be done about it."

"I'll take the flowers away again, if you do not want them," shrugged Adora, making towards the nearest bowl.

He laid a hand on her arm.

"That is not what I mean. It is not the flowers which must be taken away at all. They remain. We take away something else. The thin little comedy of Alfonso. You are no good at all as a boy. My experiment has failed. Boy's clothes cannot hide the woman's mind, the woman's subtle influence. Come with me. . . ."

She followed him as he led the way to her room and passed in. Then she realized his meaning entirely, and a glow of satisfaction swept through her. On the floor near the bed were her two big cabin trunks last seen by her on the Sea-Spray.

"I went down to Saranoa purposely to fetch those for you from the harbor," Don Carlos was saying. "You have now only to open them and resume your own sex again in appearance. I will wait for you—the real Adora whom I love to distraction."

So saying he closed the door and left her alone, gazing down at her belongings. They would indeed restore to her that feminine lure of which he had been afraid when he turned her into a boy. And what would be the result of the transformation? The throb of emotion in his voice suggested that his intentions were to feed that distracted love of his, to pursue the taming process of which he had boasted.

And then a thought flashed into Adora's mind as she fumbled in her handbag for the keys that unlocked the trunks, disclosing a riot of delicate colors, filmy frocks and undies fragrant with a delicious perfume. Might not, she asked herself, two people pursue that taming process? Was man alone a tamer? Could not woman tame just as well, just as effectively? Might not she lure Don Carlos with her feminine finery, as Delilah had lured Samson till his hair was cut?

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1931, by Inez Castello.
All Rights Reserved.

Isles of Desire

by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 23)

He came down, and Marlowe saw how his body sagged.

"You're all in. Go and sleep for a bit."

"Sleep? Do you think I'll shut my eyes till we've settled the score with Ridley?"

Marlowe thought: "He's afraid he'll see Fairless if he sleeps."

Aloud he said, "Please yourself. Tell you, Bruce, this boat's got some speed. We ought to overtake him."

Bruce cast a glance at the taut sails.

"Wonder why Fairless had 'em that color?" said Marlowe, following his gaze. "Rum idea, wasn't it?"

He saw Bruce's lips tighten at the mention of the dead man's name, and hurried to change the conversation.

"Young Carol's wearing that new blue shirt you bought in Waihiti," he jerked out.

Bruce did not answer. He went to the tiller and motioned Hoawa to go away. When the boy had disappeared down the forecastle, he said, "Did Carol have a gun?"

"Of course," Marlowe told him, staring.

His blue eyes narrowed. Was Bruce taking things so deeply, then? Would nothing but Ridley's blood quench the fire that burned in him? On went the Spanish Rake, her sails flaunting in the sun. How soon would she join battle with the slinking quarry that scurried southeast? And what would the end be? Marlowe shivered uncomfortably. Hackett had gone. Fairless had gone. Who could say whether he himself might not look at his last sunset that night?

He took the tiller while Bruce went below for a meal. Far ahead the Leopard mocked at them, defying them to draw level. Already the sun was making for home. In another three hours it would be dark. Marlowe set his teeth. If they lost the Leopard in the night, most likely they'd lose her for good.

The Spanish Rake ploughed through the furrows of the sea under Marlowe's firm guidance. He wiped the spray from his neck and sniffed at the wind. Bruce was a long time. Perhaps he had fallen asleep over his food. Perhaps he——

"Marilu!" shouted the lookout.

"Yes?"

"Oh, Marilu, him Liparidi all same stop."

"What?"

His yell brought Bruce on deck. Together they strained their eyes. Yes. The Leopard had hove to. She was waiting. Waiting? What should make her do that? But Marlowe never hesitated. He drove the Spanish Rake forward to battle. Battle—yes. That was Ridley's game. A running fight, Fairless had said . . .

"Sail in close," Bruce was saying.

"You know she carries a gun," said Marlowe.

"Yes. What are you thinking—that we ought to heave to?"

Their eyes met.

"Heave to be cursed!" said Marlowe.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1931, by Basil Carey.
All Rights Reserved.

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

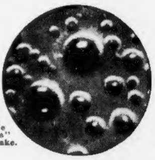
How often have you wished that every smoke would give you the pleasure and satisfaction of your after-dinner smoke. Now it can. Simply chew Beech-Nut between smokes. It stimulates your *taste sense*, just as food does. Try it . . . and discover this new smoking enjoyment. *Remember always, there is no gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.*

Made by the makers of BEECH-NUT FRUIT DROPS AND MINTS in the United States and Canada

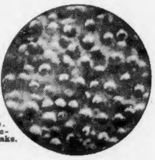
Also in Spearmint and Wintergreen flavors

Still Fresh *after 5 days . . .*

Movies through microscope show why Royal-baked cakes keep their flavor longer



● Cake batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder (photo through microscope after 5 min. in oven). Note large gas bubbles. These leave "air holes" that dry out the cake.



● Cake batter made with Royal Baking Powder (photo through microscope after 5 min. in oven). Note small, uniform bubbles. These give fine-grained, velvety cake.

IN A RECENT BAKING TEST, cakes made with Royal were still deliciously good after 5 days in the cake box! But cakes made with cheap, ordinary baking powder had grown dry, stale and tasteless in the same length of time.

Warning to housewives who bake from recipes

Wherever the finest cakes are baked . . . whether in fine modern bakeries, or in your own tidy kitchen . . . baking powder is a most important ingredient.

That's why the baking recipes in practically all authoritative cook books are planned for Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder.

If you substitute cheap, ordinary baking powder, you risk having course-textured cake that will dry out quickly and lose its flavor.

Take no chances. Always use Royal, the choice of food experts for over 60 years.

BAKE a cake on Monday . . . and on Friday it's still as delicious and full of flavor as the moment you took it from the oven.

You can do this with Royal. But not with cheap baking powder.

We've proved it . . . in scientific tests. It's entirely a matter of texture, as shown by the photographs above.

Cakes made with poor quality baking powder are filled with "air holes." In a few hours the moisture escapes, leaving a dry, flat-tasting cake.

These photographs are part of a strip of the most amazing moving picture you ever saw. Slow motion pictures—the first ever taken of cakes baking. They show exactly what happens *inside* your cake while it's in the oven. How the texture is built up by the bubbles formed by the baking powder.

* * *

When you use a cheap, ordinary baking powder, great big gas bubbles form in your cake batter. These big bubbles in the batter cause "air holes" in your finished cake . . . coarse-grained texture . . . cake that crumbles and quickly becomes stale.

But what a different story when you make your cake with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder! Then the bubbles are small and all about the same size. Gradually they build up thousands of tiny cells.

Your cake comes out of the oven fluffy . . . and smooth as velvet. With a fine, even texture that holds in the freshening moisture till the last piece disappears.

No wonder Royal for over 60 years has been the choice of discriminating housewives. No wonder food experts advise it for best results. Don't let another day go by without Royal in the house. Buy a can from your grocer.

And remember—Royal cakes stay fresh. So bake a good big one that will last. You'll find Royal economical. Less than 2 cents' worth is enough for a tempting layer cake. A small price to pay for the best, isn't it?

Free Cook Book

Mail the coupon today for your free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book

Copyright, 1931, by Standard Brands Incorporated

Royal Baking Powder . . . Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 364, 691 Washington Street . . . New York City, N. Y.
Please send my free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book
Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________State__________
In Canada: Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P. Q.
ROYAL

The All-American Automatic Appliance

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHEN I lectured in England, France and Germany recently to groups of women interested in home-making subjects, I found that the most popular conception of an American home was one which was almost if not absolutely automatic. The impression seemed to be that appliances in our homes literally ran themselves and that all the housewife had to do was to step on a lever or push a button at which, presto, the cooking the washing or the heating plant would do its job without the touch of human hands.

While this idea often falls short of the actual facts, I can truly think of one major household appliance which is distinctively American, and absolutely automatic, and that is the refrigerator. Now what every woman wants is a mechanism which works but which has no gears, belts, screws or nuts with which she has to bother. And so, just as househeating has evolved from the use of crude lumps of coal to become automatic with fuel oil or gas, into a heating system, so modern food storage has evolved from the use of crude lumps of ice and become a scientific cooling system. We have an automatic process replacing hand-fed materials.

What are the benefits of automatic food storage to the housewife?

The automatic refrigerator:

1—Makes possible to even a low income level home, a food storage and hospitality service formerly available only to kings or families of great wealth.

2—Permits quantity and order marketing, thus making for economy in the food budget and time saving and added leisure for the housewife.

3—Reduces need of attention to its operation or its care, thus fulfilling the requirements of the ideal automatic appliance.

4—Provides an entirely new cookery technique of cooking with chill instead of heat, thus supplying a new handicraft or cooking skill in connection with a modern mechanism.

5—Offers a food hospitality service which makes for pleasure and encourages a back-to-the-home drive.

Quite similar results to those we now obtain in our new automatic refrigerator were possible thousands of years ago. Beverages were iced in jugs surrounded by mountain snow; fruits were chilled in ice preserved in caves. Persian Kings originated our dish—the sherbet—by blending crushed snow and apricot juice. But only a King or a Croesus could afford such palate delights. Today even the young couple starting out modestly can secure all the palate satisfactions formerly possible only to royalty, thanks to modern science and inventive genius.

Second, the automatic refrigerator saves money on the food budget and shopping time for the housewife. With the antiquated ice-box with its fluctuating, never dependable temperatures, buying in quantity was unwise. But automatic refrigeration permits buying at one time enough meats and perishables to serve for two or three days longer. The housewife can now purchase as skillfully as any hotel or dining car steward.

I have had some extensive observations made on this point, and I have the figures to prove that the housewife can save from $90 to $125 on the annual food bill if she has dependable automatic food storage. She can buy, for example, an entire loin of spring lamb at a quantity, discount price—then have it cut up into choice chops, a piece for roasting and another for broth—all at a considerable saving.

That is, she can practice the new modern idea of "planned-over purchasing" — planning meals ahead and making interlocking menus so that she can co-ordinate her cooking, and do much of it in advance. Now that hot weather is almost here this is the secret of short-cut Summer housekeeping—to work in the cool of the morning, do the rough vegetable preparing, etc., and preliminary cooking—place the foods in the refrigerator—and be able easily to serve the meal at night in a non-fatiguing way.

I have spoken of how the automatic refrigerator requires no care to its mechanism, but also, think of some of the inconveniences it displaces—the over-flowing icepan, the unpleasant cleaning of the waste-pipes and the floor trap of the old ice-box. Then there was the need to remember to place in the window the card "ice today" and the sloppy feet of the iceman as he tracked in the cake ice and disturbed all the foods in the ice chamber. The elimination of these details of attention, thought and untidiness means greater kitchen cleanliness more order and more leisure for the housewife.

And now for the new cookery technique — cook with chill — which the automatic refrigerator provides. In my opinion this is the first original creation or development of an all-American cooking technique. Our bills of fare, our hotel cooking are drawn from every land or are markedly French, but I find in cooking with chill the beginnings of a native home cookery, for our stimulating climate with its long hot Summer demands cooling foods and beverages. It does not require the heavy meats, gravies and cannonball puddings of other lands.

And cooking with chill as in the automatic refrigerator equals in appetite appeal, the gastronomic perfection, say of the French menu, cooked with heat. Cubes, salads, molds, ice creams — these are American and already other nations are seeking to duplicate their refreshing healthfulness.

And for the fifth and last benefit to the housewife I hold that this cooking with chill gives pleasure and that it more than anything else, is aiding in developing a creative cooking skill among women. Standing over a hot stove in hot weather especially is not so tolerable or enjoyable, but handling cool foods, crisp and green salads, clean mixing and whipping and stirring of cool ingredients, the absence of grease, smell and sputtering fat—all these factors tend to bring pleasure and enjoyment into the new cooking technique.

Where formerly the housewife baked a pie she now shapes a cool mold of salad, refreshingly chill. Where in other days she spent hours sifting flour and creaming butter and sugar and laboriously watched and tested with a cake straw an oven-baked cake, now she quickly combines an ice-box cake, places it in the refrigerator and lets it cook itself—while she goes to the park or beach with the children.

Yes, there is a big new drive on of back to hospitality and right now is the moment to prepare for and join it. Home is once more becoming a place of gracious entertainment, of extending cooking skill to family and guests. Critics may hold that we Americans are all slaves to the machine and that the use of mechanical appliances brings no pleasure, not such as we used to get out of the old craft skills. Here, however, is one appliance of which this is not true for we like to use it and we get a keen creative satisfaction out of cooking and using the modern automatic food storage.

Last, we are going to outfit the refrigerator inside in a manner worthy of its beautiful exterior. No longer are we going to use the old cracked plate, the broken bowl and other unsightly containers for keeping foods in this new sparkling palace of food storage. The shops are showing most attractive and specially designed containers for keeping vegetables crisp and moist, for holding soups and broths, for left-overs, for butter, cheese and beverages.

One of the best of these is a handleless pitcher so that we won't have a knocked off handle; another is a glass bottle, square in shape of ribbed glass, so it won't slip around on the shelves; another is a nest of glass dishes in a modernistic design for holding desserts. All materials are used — pottery, heavy glass, aluminum and re-tinned ware.

The automatic refrigerator is a food service. It has rehabilitated the kitchen, and helped glorify the home in its new back-to-hospitality for the Summer season.

Now Brush Away Ugly Yellow and Stain

WHITEN TEETH

3 Shades in 3 Days This Way

A startling new discovery now makes it easily possible for anyone to have gleaming white teeth and gums that look firm and healthy—free from dread disease.

IT'S A REVOLUTIONARY TECHNIQUE THAT ACTUALLY REMOVES YELLOW AND STAIN. CLEANS TEETH RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL, NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY. IT STRENGTHENS GUMS.

You can brush teeth and gums the ordinary way a dozen times a day... still teeth will discolor and decay, gums will break down... so long as you neglect the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath and cause most tooth and gum troubles. Ordinary toothpastes are helpless against them.

This remarkable new technique—called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—destroys the millions of germs that spread destruction. As a result, teeth soon look whiter and feel cleaner than ever before.

The very moment Kolynos enters the mouth it multiplies 25 times and becomes a refreshing FOAM that permits the use of a dry brush which makes Kolynos 10 times more effective.

This FOAM gets into every pit, fissure and crevice. Cleans out fermenting food particles. Kills dangerous germs, 190 million in the first 15 seconds. Stimulates gums. Gently erases tartar. Purifies the mouth. And cleans teeth as they should be cleaned—to gleaming, dazzling whiteness.

Improvement Overnight

Start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush. After the first brushing you'll note a difference. Overnight the improvement will be so marked you'll never again go back to old-fashioned, incompetent methods of brushing teeth and gums. In 3 days teeth will look 3 shades whiter! Buy yourself a large tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

Tintex Brings Color Gaiety To House and Wardrobe

● Easily, Perfectly and Almost Instantly!

What a difference it makes when every window smiles a colorful welcome! When the home is as gay as a June garden! When the things you wear (from undies to frocks) are cheerful with the season's vogue of charming new color contrasts!

Tintex will almost *instantly* freshen any faded fabric or give it new and *different* color if you like!

There are no less than 33 stunning colors to choose from on the Tintex Color Card on view at all drug and notion counters... lovely pale pastels... striking colors of oriental vividness.

Tintex is so easy to use, so certain in results... *just try it!*

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

At all drug and notion counters 15¢

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

—ALICE, TAKE THIS CAKE NEXT DOOR TO MRS. ROBERTS. TELL HER I BAKED TODAY AND WHILE YOU'RE THERE ASK HER IF SHE CAN SPARE A LITTLE LAUNDRY SOAP

—HERE'S THE SOAP YOU ASKED ME TO BORROW FROM MRS. ROBERTS, MOTHER—IT'S RINSO. THERE'S ONLY HALF LEFT IN THE BOX, BUT SHE SAYS A LITTLE RINSO DOES A LOT OF WASHING
Rinso

LATER
—LOOK, ALICE—HOW SNOWY WHITE RINSO GOT THE WASH —WITHOUT ANY BOILING. I'M ALWAYS GOING TO USE RINSO
IT GIVES SUCH NICE CREAMY SUDS, MOTHER

AND

(Millions use Rinso. Thousands write us letters like this.)

"Use it for dishes, too," says Mrs. Ethel Doherty of Everett

"Rinso saves so much work on washday, it's marvelous! All I do is soak...rinse...and hang out a wash that is sparkling clean! Rinso suds are so speedy, rich and lasting. I like them so much I use them for dishwashing, too, and my! how the grease goes! Makes *all* housecleaning easier."

MRS. ETHEL DOHERTY,
72 Bradford St., Everett, Mass.

Safe for your finest linens

The makers of 40 leading washers recommend Rinso—for safety and whiter washes. Great for tub washing, too. Soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing. Clothes last longer.

Get the BIG package of Rinso. It's all you need—for the wash, for the dishes, for all cleaning. So economical, too. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

[TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies, "What Happened to Jane." Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 P. M., Stations WEEI, WCSH, WTIC.]

THE GRANULATED SOAP
Rinso
for whiter washes

Millions use it in tub, washer and dishpan

Sore, Tired Feet

Oh! How good it feels to put your tired, aching feet in a "TIZ" bath! You can just feel the pain being drawn out and grateful comfort being restored.

"TIZ" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet and make them tender and sore. It takes all the soreness out of corns, calluses and strained muscles and makes tight shoes feel a half size larger. Get a box of "TIZ" at any drug or department store and have weeks of foot comfort for a few cents.

Bathe Them in "TIZ"

Ingrown Nail Turns Right Out!

Pain Stops Instantly!

"Outgro" is a harmless antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions. A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the ingrowing nail reduce inflammation and pain and so toughen the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail that it cannot penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost over night. Wyeth Chem. Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

AGENTS—DISTRIBUTORS
An Amazing New Opportunity
EARN up to $200 WEEKLY

PYROIL Heat-proof
Liquefied Graphite
THE MOST AMAZING MOTOR PRODUCT EVER DEVELOPED

PYROIL FILLS THESE CRACKS AND CREVICES
ADDS LIFE TO MOTOR
8 QTS

PYROIL has overwhelmed the motor world. GRAPHITE—the greatest known enemy of heat and friction—now made possible to use in any internal combustion motor! POSITIVELY stops wear and noise—cuts repair bills. Doubles life of crankcase oil. Reduces gas consumption up to 40%. Withstands heat up to 7500° F. Cannot burn or wash off bearings. Passes any filter. Enjoys patented protection — adopted by nationwide fleet operators. Saves 10 times its small cost. Guaranteed not to harm the finest motor mechanism.

This motor, conditioned with PYROIL, can run 30 to 25 miles at 25 mi. per hr. with all oil drained from crankcase—with no harm to motor!

Only 1 pint of PYROIL to 8 quarts of oil.

FREE
Endorsements, Proven Facts. You can have exclusive sales rights in your territory.

DON'T DELAY. WRITE AT ONCE.
THE PYROIL COMPANY
3A510 Pyroil Bldg. LA CROSSE, WIS.

Itching Burning Skin Relieved By Resinol

What relief! The first application of this soothing, healing ointment usually stops all itching and burning and makes your tortured skin feel comfortable at last. Apply freely anywhere on body—no parts too delicate, no surface too irritated for its healing medication. Sold by druggists everywhere. Try it and enjoy the relief it gives.

SAMPLE MAILED FREE
if you write Resinol, Dept. X-52, Baltimore, Md.

DROP THIS ON CORNS

Pain goes almost instantly, ends corn

ONE drop of this new formula and any corn soon shrivels up and loosens.

Just peel it off with your fingers. It is entirely gone. No more dangerous cutting. This way acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic, to deaden most severe pain. Doctors approve its safety.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

backache!

BAUME BENGUÉ (pronounced Ben-Gay) quickly relieves the knife-like pain or "crick" in the back due to lumbago or sacro-iliac disturbance. Its penetrating quality stimulates circulation, lessens congestion and soothes the irritated nerves. Its exceptional pain-relieving properties bring immediate comfort. Good for every pain of nerve and muscle.

"Ask for Ben-Gay"
Accept No Substitutes

be safe
Insist on RED CROSS GAUZE
The standard of hospitals and physicians the world over.
Johnson & Johnson
RED CROSS PRODUCTS

Advertisement.

The Sure Way To Remove Wrinkles

There is one way—a simple, pleasant, sure method that thousands use to drive wrinkles away. That way is to get two ounces of eptol from the drug store, mix with half pint of water, adding a tablespoon of glycerine. This makes a delightful, rich cream which you may spread thinly over forehead, temples, cheeks, around eyes and rub in until absorbed. Instantly the pores tighten, dead outer skin sloughs off and new, smooth, plump, youthful skin appears. With this action, away go wrinkles, lines and crow's feet.

Try This Simple Method for Blackheads

There is a simple method that makes blackheads go as if by magic. Get two ounces of colonite powder from your drug store, sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth, rub briskly over the affected parts, and in two minutes you will find every blackhead dissolved away entirely.

WHY BALD At 40?

Millions Use Lucky Tiger To Stop Falling Hair

A single application stops that miserable itching. The supremacy of Lucky Tiger in correcting scalp ailments is due to its high germicidal efficiency. Exhaustive bacteriological tests prove Lucky Tiger kills various germs in a few seconds.

World's largest seller at Druggists and Barbers.

LUCKY TIGER

BURNING FEET
feel fine in 3 seconds

IF you want quick, glorious relief from sore, tired, burning feet use Coolene—a new ivory-white, vanishing foot cream. Its soothing, healing oils and unguents penetrate right to the irritated nerves and tissues—draw out the inflammation—bring new, cool foot comfort at once. Cannot stain. Get Coolene today.

sore aching wrist?

Sloan's Liniment

GRAY HAIR PENCIL

Magic Pencil instantly changes gray hair to Radiant Youthful Color. Latest method known To KEEP GRAY AWAY from Roots, Temples and Parting. It cannot be detected. Will not fade or wash off. Gray hair now give a a Youthful, Natural-Like Color QUICKLY, EASILY, AMAZINGLY. Delights both men and women that use it—everywhere.

FREE! GRAY HAIR Pencil Given to quickly introduce Oratex. Just send name and address for Free Pencil. Don't wait until it is too late. Write today—sure. No OBLIGATION. Address JUEL DENN, Dept. E-621 1434 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

GOOD LOOKS *are helped by* GOOD LOOKING CLOTHES

"IT'S THRIFTY AND WISE—TO USE SUNSET SOAP DYES"

Nothing can offset the bad effect of a soiled or faded gown. And yet how easy it is to bring back freshness and charm to dresses and other garments when you use

SUNSET SOAP DYES

For Fast Dyeing

All fabrics!—silk, wool, cotton, linen, or mixed goods—are dyed the same shade in one dye bath with any of the colors of this wonderful, concentrated soap dye.

Sunset-dyeing is the modern way of having pretty colors which become you and help you look your best. It's the modern, fast home dye; easiest to use and achieving best results in the quickest time.

Sunset results rival the work of a professional dyer, and at a fraction of the professional's prices, too.

You can depend on every one of the 22 Sunset colors for the finest results in fast-dyeing. Do not accept a substitute.

Ask your dealer for Sunset, the quality home dye, 15c per cake. It is wrapped in tin foil. Unused portions of a cake can be rewrapped and will keep indefinitely.

Use Dytint for lingerie and dainty personal things where a fast dye is not needed. Dytint is made and guaranteed by the makers of Sunset and costs only 10c for a BIG box.

Use Sunset for fast-dyeing; use Dytint for tinting; use Dytint Color Remover to remove old color before redyeing.

Write to us if your dealer does not carry all these products. Ask for copy of "Color News," a helpful home-dyeing folder.

North American Dye Corporation
Dept. AW, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

TAKE NO CHANCES

. . . with the powder you use on your baby!

Only the *best* is good enough! . . . Z. B. T. Baby Talcum, the one powder made specifically to combat Urea Irritation, is compounded according to the formula of a famous baby specialist . . . Endorsed by doctors, nurses and hospitals everywhere. It's so soothing and healing.

Reject Substitutes!

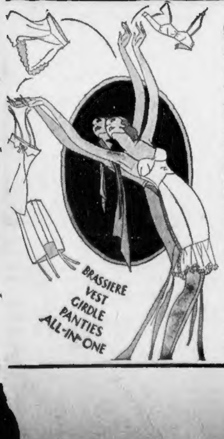
Use Z. B. T. to keep Baby's skin clear and healthy. At all drug, department and chain stores, in three sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.

FREE TRIAL CAN!

Send 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address Z. B. T. Products Co., Dept. C., Bronx, N. Y.

Z.B.T. BABY TALCUM

FINE FOR BABY'S BODY . FINE FOR EVERYBODY!



SCANTIES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PATENTED

by Model

Now you can have Scanties, a luxurious garment for $5.00

The new way to dress underneath. Scanties—brassiere, vest, girdle, panties all-in-one. For less than the cost of four separate garments. A scant eight ounces of stylish freedom. Washes like a handkerchief. Scanties illustrated of lustrous rayon in pink, white and peach, $5.00 at all stores.

Send for illustrated style booklet, free, showing how much more alluring and attractive you will look in Scanties and a dress, that's all.

Model Brassiere Co.
Empire State Building
5th Ave. at 34th St., New York
London Paris
E. & S. CURRIE, LTD.
YORK ST., TORONTO, CANADA

Springtime Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Chicken Sandwiches.

ADD 3 tablespoons quick tapioca, a few grains pepper and ¼ teaspoon salt to 1 cup chicken stock. Cook over hot water for 15 minutes or until tapioca is clear and transparent, stirring frequently to prevent lumping. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar. Chill. Mix 1 cup finely chopped cooked chicken, ¼ cup shredded heart celery, 2 tablespoons minced cucumber pickles and 1 tablespoon finely chopped pimento with ¼ cup thick mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. Combine with the chilled tapioca. Spread between thinly sliced graham bread.

Radish Sandwiches.

ADD ¼ cup thinly sliced radishes to 1 cup of flaked cold boiled halibut or tuna fish. Sprinkle with ¼ teaspoon salt and a little paprika and moisten with 6 tablespoons well seasoned mayonnaise. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread. Arrange on platter and garnish with crisp watercress and radish roses.

Russian Egg Sandwiches.

PRESS 3 hard cooked eggs through potato ricer. Mix with ¼ cup stiff mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chili sauce and ¼ teaspoon salt. Spread between thin slices of white or graham bread.

Elaine's Salad.

PREPARE mint gelatin according to directions. When mixture begins to congeal add 2 cups canned spiced white grapes. Chill in icebox. Turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise dressing.

Pinwheel Sandwiches.

REMOVE crusts from loaf of sandwich bread. Cut in thin slices lengthwise. Beat cream cheese with a little cream or milk until smooth enough to spread. Add a little finely chopped cress and salt and paprika to taste. Roll tightly and wrap in damp towel. Let stand in ice box two or three hours. Slice and insert a sprig of parsley or watercress in center of each sandwich.

Mint Sandwiches.

MASH cream cheese with cream or salad dressing to moisten. Season to taste with salt, paprika and finely chopped spiced mint leaves. Add vegetable coloring to give desired green color. Spread between thin slices of white bread.

Spinach Salad.

PRESS four hard cooked eggs through potato ricer or sieve. Finely chop one cup of drained steamed spinach. Mash three ounces cream cheese until smooth with about two tablespoons well seasoned French dressing. Add eggs and spinach and blend well. Shape in small balls with butter paddles or with tablespoon. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

Peach Salad
(for Children).

DRAIN large canned peaches. Arrange on beds of crisp lettuce, round side up. Make eyes and nose by inserting whole cloves and represent mouth with a strip of maraschino cherry. With pastry bag and tube arrange a cap around the "old witch's" head. Serve with whipped cream mayonnaise. Children who will not eat other salads will never tire of this salad.

SAFE Cleaning Cheap Cleaning

Nothing beats the CAKE for real cleaning

NO WASTE
SAVES TIME
Saves Money

SAPOLIO

CLEANS SCOURS POLISHES

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS SAPOLIO

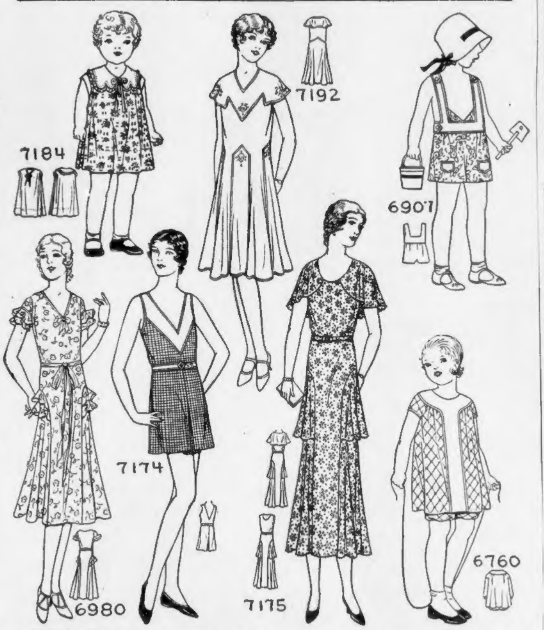
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., N. Y.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange Juice, Creamed Dried Beef, Corn Bread, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice, Plain Omelet, Bacon, Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Oatmeal, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Tomato Omelet, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Whole Wheat Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Corn Oysters, Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Calf's Liver, Hominy Grits, Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Oatmeal, Muffins, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon Strawberry Waffles, Whipped Cream, Tea.	*Luncheon* Cold Mutton, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Biscuit, Fruit Punch.	*Luncheon* Cheese Croquettes, Sunshine Salad, Clover Leaf Rolls, Fruit Punch.	*Luncheon* Left-Over Brown Stew, Buttered Noodles, Apple Whip, Ice Box Cookies, Tea.	*Luncheon* Codfish with Egg Sauce, Corn Bread, Jelly, Coffee.	*Luncheon* Asparagus Salad or Scalloped Macaroni, Cheese Biscuit, Tea.	*Dinner* Panned Chicken, Cream Giblet Sauce, Rice, Beans, Dandelion Salad, Cake.
Dinner Roast Loin of Mutton, Tomato Sauce, Delmonico Potatoes, Peas, Shredded Cabbage or Watercress Salad, Apricot Trifle, Cookies.	*Dinner* Baked Spaghetti, Pineapple and Chicory Salad, Eclairs.	*Dinner* Brown Beef Stew, Potato Dumplings, Asparagus Salad, French Dressing, Tarts.	*Dinner* Vegetable Club Sandwiches, Orange Gelatin, Sponge Drops.	*Dinner* Stuffed and Baked Fish with Lemon Slices, Radishes, Potatoes, Buttered Peas, Jellied Tomato Salad, Snow Balls, Fruit Sauce.	*Dinner* Smothered Round Steak, Fried Potatoes, Carrots and Peas, Salad, Prune Souffle.	*Supper* Spinach Salad, Toasted Cheese Biscuit (Left from Saturday), Fruit Punch.

American Weekly Patterns



A SIMPLE FROCK FOR A TINY GIRL (7184). Designed in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 4-year size will require 1⅞ yards of material 29 inches wide or wider. For contrasting material, ⅛ yard will be required, cut lengthwise. To finish the collar with lace edging will require 1⅜ yards.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODEL (7192). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14-year size will require 4 yards of material 29 inches wide.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR YOUTHFUL FIGURES (6980). Designed in 4 sizes: 12, 14, 16 and 18 years. A 16-year size will require 3½ yards of material 39 inches wide. The tie and sash of ribbon requires 3 yards.

A PRACTICAL BATHING OR SWIMMING SUIT (7174). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2½ yards of 54-inch material. For belt and yoke facing of contrasting material, ⅛ yard 29 inches wide will be required, cut crosswise.

A CHARMING FROCK (7175). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 6¼ yards of 36-inch material if made with the collar. Without the collar, 5⅝ yards will be required.

GIRL'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS (6760). Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 35-inch material. To make yoke portions and band cuffs of contrasting material requires ½ yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise.

CHILD'S PLAY SUIT (6907). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material. For suspender, belt and pockets of contrasting material, ⅝ yard is required 35 inches wide. To finish with bias binding requires 4¾ yards 1½ inches wide.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 25 cents in coin (**seal envelope flap securely on all edges**), to

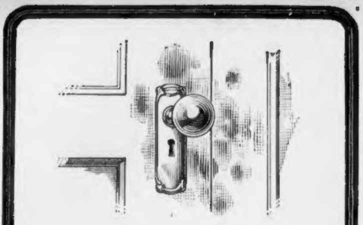
AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 STERLING PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Send 10 cents in coin for our SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing 16 color pages and containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS OR 15 CENTS EACH.

7184......Years 6980......Years
7192......Years 7174.......Bust
6907......Years 6760......Years
7175......Bust

Name ....
St. & No..............................
City & State..............................



Clean Up Dirty Woodwork

FINGER prints and smears on woodwork are unsightly. Get them off the easy way. Gold Dust cleans painted surfaces quickly—and safely. Always remember to let the *work* choose the soap. Gold Dust is the safest, quickest way to get rid of dirty dirt. Ask your grocer for a box today.

5¢ KITCHENETTE SIZE

FAIRBANKS GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER

For greatest economy, ask your grocer for the big Household package.

FOR DIRTY DIRT

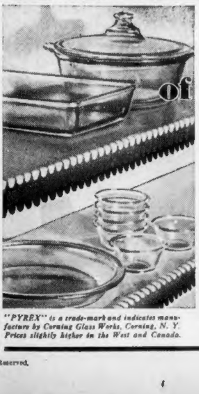
Don't Take Chances with Costly Clothing

YOU TAKE NO RISK removing dirt and grease spots with Energine. It cannot harm the daintiest or costliest fabric. Just moisten cloth with Energine. Place another cloth or blotter under spot to be cleaned. Then a quick, gentle rub or two—and spot vanishes—quick and clean. Energine dries instantly—leaves no odor.

Energine cleans a host of things. Dresses, hats, suits, gloves, shoes, neckties, coats, scarfs, etc. Millions use it day after day—year-in and year-out. Get Energine today and, like them, you'll never be without it. Large can 35c. A little goes a long way.

Millions of Cans Sold Yearly!

ENERGINE
THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID



"pots and pans" of sparkling glassware

● Kit McCormick's angel husband "didn't mind" the pots and pans. And Mary Manley did hers alone . . . a martyr's solo! But Jane, the canny girl, stocked up on Pyrex ovenware, and practically eliminated metal ware from the scene.

The glass that fashions Pyrex ovenware is heat-resistant. Safe for long, slow rice-pudding baking, or the high and sudden heat that pop-overs demand!

And this crystal-clear glassware that cooks so well comes to the table just like one of the family. Then . . . after dinner's over it slips beneath the suds and comes up smiling!

● Pyrex ware is sold in hardware and department stores. Write for our FREE BOOK of 30 menus baked in 20, 30 or 45 minutes, and an illustrated price list. Please address Corning Glass Works, Dept. 1508, Corning, N. Y.

Name.............................. *Address*..............................

Pyrex Ovenware

"PYREX" is a trade-mark and indicates manufacture by Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y. Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.

"Darling," says the Ivory hero sentimentally, "Your eyes are as melting as Ivory Snow when it's dissolving in lukewarm water."

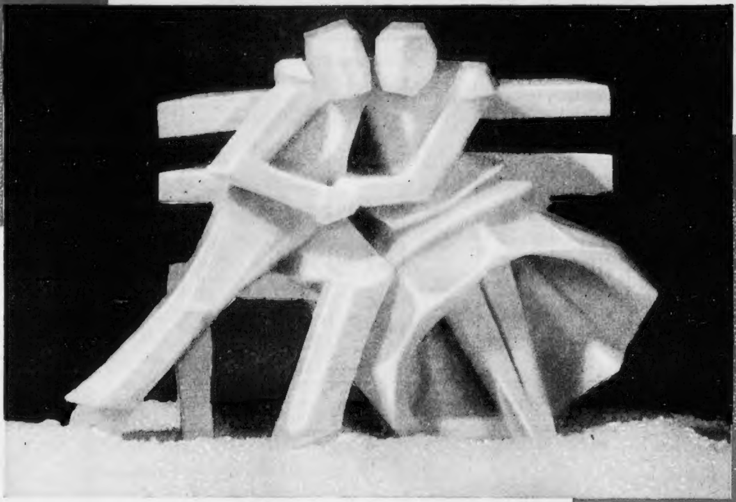
"Oh, my dear," says the lady.

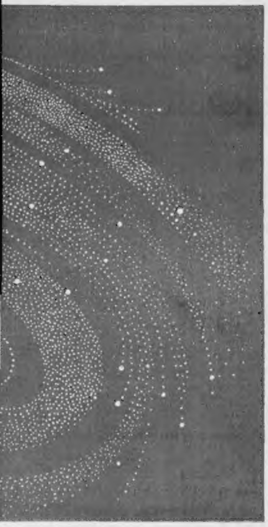
"It was Fate," pursues the gentleman. "Do you remember the day we first met? It was Ivory Snowing. I ran right into your umbrella."

"Oh darling," says the Ivory heroine softly.

• • •

(Why should she tell him how carefully she aimed that umbrella?)





This magical snowstorm dissolves • • • swish—

just like that!

Instantly! in lukewarm water!

Not out of a blue sky—but out of a sky-blue box comes this snowy flurry of fairy-thin crystallized bubbles. The very last word in soap. It's amazing! Just to look at IVORY SNOW'S delicate snowy-whiteness you'd know it was made to cleanse the finest things.

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap—just as gentle and kind as Ivory Soap has always been. But here is the newness of Ivory Snow. It dissolves—swish—just like that! In an instant—in lukewarm water!

What extra-convenience, what extra-safety! Now you can make snowy Ivory suds in water just the right temperature for your fragile silks, your fine woolens. (Cooling hot suds the old way was always a risk—after your hands got used to hot water, it was very hard to guess at *lukewarm* suds! And suds even a little too warm are *so* bad for silks and woolens!)

Extra safe for washing fine fabrics

Now—no waiting for hot water

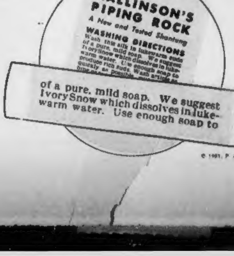
No waiting for suds either. No "beating up" of suds. The moment lukewarm water touches Ivory Snow, every tiny hollow Snow-pearl turns into a snowy Ivory bubble. No soap left to cling to the fabric.

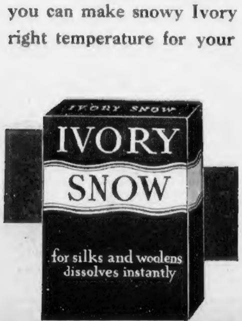
Salespeople in fine stores everywhere—who have always recommended Ivory Soap above all other soaps for washing fine silks and woolens—are enthusiastic over Ivory Snow. "It makes laundering of fine fabrics safer than ever," they say.

Ivory Snow comes in a big blue box. For fifteen cents you can buy enough Ivory Snow to protect hundreds of dollars worth of lovely clothes through several tubbings.

Leading silk manufacturers agree about Ivory Snow

"A perfect soap for silks," say leading silk manufacturers. Mallinson recommends Ivory Snow in the washing directions for their wonderful new "Piping Rock" Shantung.


MALLINSON'S
PIPING ROCK
A New and Tested Shantung
WASHING DIRECTIONS
of a pure, mild soap. We suggest Ivory Snow which dissolves in lukewarm water. Use enough soap to



IVORY SNOW

Kind to everything it touches • 99 44/100 % Pure

© 1931, P. & G. Co.